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# FORTUNE WEEKLY.

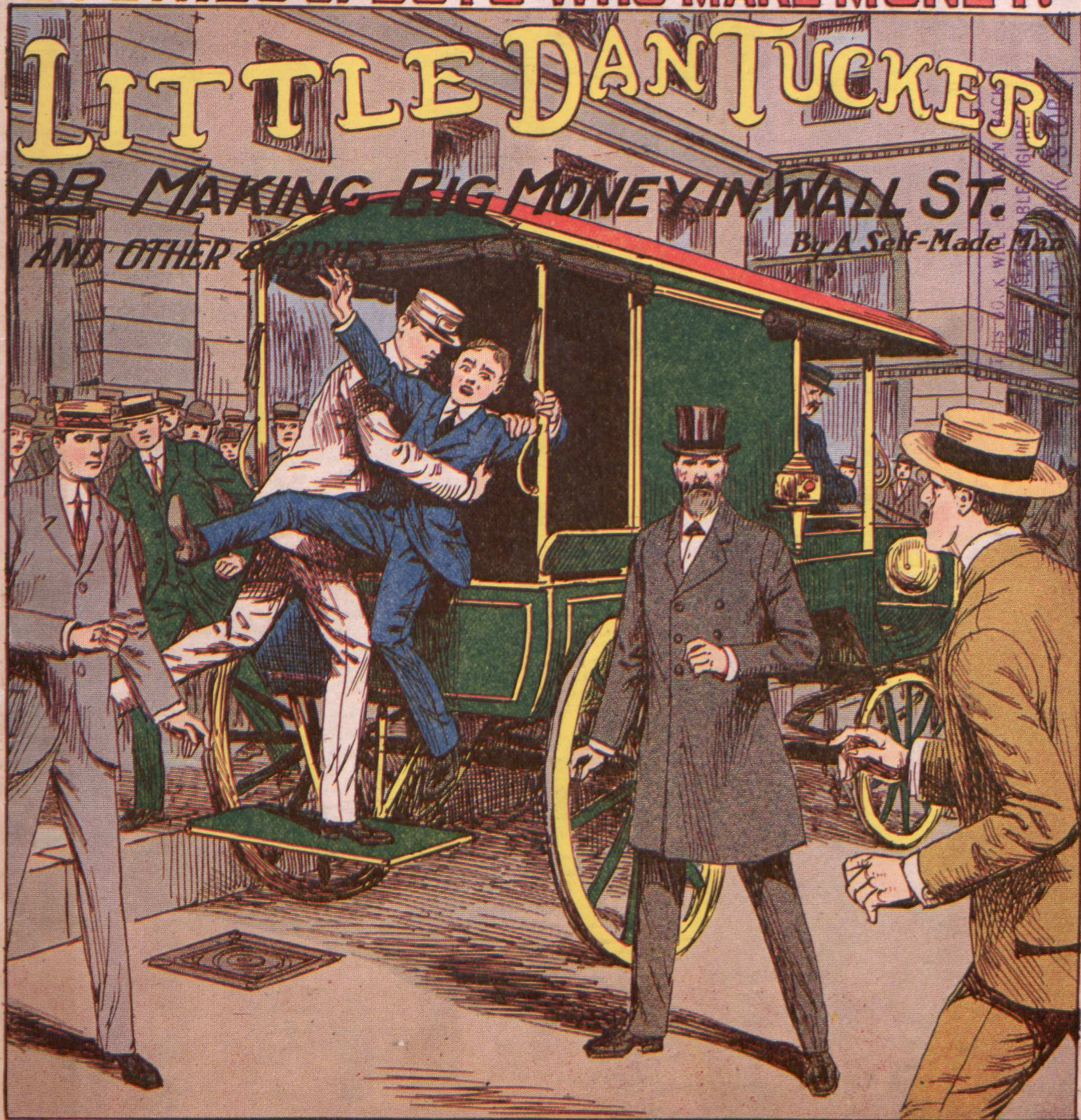
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

## LITTLE DAN TUCKER

OR MAKING BIG MONEY IN WALL ST.

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



35-3rd Ave., Bet. 9th & 10th Sts.  
EAST SIDE OF AVE.

Quick as a wink the man who posed as the ambulance surgeon seized little Dan Tucker in his arms and lifted him, struggling, into the vehicle. The bystanders looked on with astonishment, while the two brokers stood ready to prevent interference.







# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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No. 458.

NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1914.

Price 5 Cents.

# LITTLE DAN TUCKER

— OR —

## MAKING BIG MONEY IN WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

THIS BOOK WILL BE TAKEN BACK  
AT A REASONABLE FIGURE.  
LINCOLN BOOK STORE  
35-3rd Ave., Bet. 9th & 10th S.  
EAST SIDE OF AVE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### LITTLE DAN TUCKER.

"Dan," said Broker Carson, coming out of his private room.  
"Yes, sir," said the office boy, springing from his chair.  
"Take this note to Mr. Green, Johnstone Building."  
"Yes, sir."  
"And get an answer."  
"All right, sir."  
"Be sure and see Green himself."  
"If he isn't in, I'll fetch it back, sir?"  
"Find out where he is in that case and hunt him up. This note is important."  
"I'll do it."

"Hustle." And the boss returned into his room.

Dan, who was undersized for his age and freckle-faced, grabbed his hat and was off like a shot.

His other name was Tucker, and the boys of the financial district called him little Dan Tucker.

A mighty clever lad was Dan, with a shrewd look in his gray eyes.

He was fast on his pins and never lagged when sent on an errand.

Broker Carson said he was the smartest boy in the Street and worth his weight in gold as a messenger, because he wasn't in the habit of making mistakes and could be relied upon to do the right thing in an emergency.

That was an excellent reputation for a boy to have, and Dan deserved it.

Dan lived with his mother in a big double-decker tenement on the East Side.

Mrs. Tucker, whose front name was Norah, was an enterprising Irish woman, with a distinctive brogue which she had never parted with, although she had been in the country something over twenty years.

Her husband, who had been a truck driver, was dead a number of years.

His unexpected demise left her almost stranded with a small son—to wit, Dan.

She was equal to the emergency.

As soon as Dan Tucker, Sr., had been suitably waked and planted in Calvary Cemetery, his widow lost no time in useless weeping and wailing over her late liege lord, who, by the bye, hadn't been a model husband, but put her wits to work to provide a living for herself and little Dan, who was attending the public school.

Her sympathizing friends suggested that she either go out by the day or take in washing.

Mrs. Tucker had other views and proceeded to carry them out.

She equipped herself with a portable table, the legs of which could be folded up, made for her by a neighboring carpenter, a camp-stool and a capacious basket; and to this paraphernalia she added a large, weather-beaten, yellow umbrella, bearing the legend in black letters, "Get your Shoes at Bixby's," presented to her by a friendly truck driver, who had acted as master of the ceremonies at her husband's wake.

She purchased a supply of apples and peanuts, and forthwith set up shop at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, against the tall, iron railing surrounding St. Paul's churchyard.

She was practically a squatter on forbidden ground, but that fact did not worry her.

O'Reilly, the cop on the beat, when he came along, asked her for her permit.

She had none, of course, so he told her he'd have to dispossess her.

She had declined to move, declaring this was a free country and she had a perfect right to make a living anywhere on the public thoroughfare.

Her argument, however, wouldn't hold water, and the cop declared if she would not move he'd have to close up her shop forthwith.

Her protests drew a crowd, and among others a politician high in authority at the City Hall.

He inquired into the cause of the disturbance and learned the facts.

He also learned that the defendant in the case was a widow in strenuous circumstances and hailed from the same town in Ireland that had the honor of introducing him into the world. So he took the cop aside and said a few things to him.

Thereupon the officer walked off, leaving the woman in possession.

The crowd felt like cheering because the widow had come out on top, but, instead, their enthusiasm took a more practical shape, and they invested all around in apples and peanuts, to Mrs. Tucker's great satisfaction.

Next day the politician came that way again and handed the woman a license entitling her to stay on the corner till a year had expired.

This privilege cost her nothing under the circumstances.

A couple of weeks later a man in the service of the parish found her in possession of the corner and ordered her to go.

She showed her license.

He said that was all right as far as the city was concerned, but the city did not own the sidewalk to the curb line.

She would have to get permission from the parish authorities, and until she did she would have to stay away.

As Mrs. Tucker flatly refused to accept his ultimatum he went after the cop.



O'Reilly declined to interfere, and the man said he'd report him.

The cop then advised the woman to secure the necessary permission.

The upshot of the matter was that O'Reilly was haled before the police commissioner.

He explained the circumstances of the case.

The commissioner called up the politician who befriended the lady on the phone.

The politician saw the parish authorities, and the case was amicably settled.

Mrs. Tucker stayed on the corner, and for eight years, up to the opening of our story, she could be found there almost every day, rain or shine, and was likely to continue boss of the corner as long as she chose.

During the summer Mrs. Tucker added pink lemonade to her stock, as well as peanut brittle candy, and did a rushing trade in those articles with the passing telegraph messenger boys, with whom she was a popular character.

So much for Mrs. Tucker, who now had a comfortable balance in the Hibernia Bank and felt as independent as the head of Tammany Hall.

Dan thought as much of his mother as any boy in the world and treated her with more respect than many boys do their mothers.

He had been brought up that way, for Mrs. Tucker wasn't the kind of woman who took nonsense from anybody, and Dan had to walk a chalk-line from the hour he was old enough to take notice of things.

Her method of bringing up her only son and heir was of advantage to him, and as a consequence he was a pretty good boy, otherwise he wasn't a whole lot different from the average lad.

Not many boys of his humble origin find their way into a Wall street broker's office, but Dan was lucky in many ways, and soon after graduating from the public school he answered Broker Carson's advertisement, and was taken on in preference to a bunch of apparently more desirable applicants, because the broker sized him up as the kind of boy he wanted, and he wasn't disappointed.

Dan had now been three years in Wall street and had given perfect satisfaction.

Every Saturday at about one o'clock he made straight for the corner of Broadway and Vesey street and handed over his pay envelope to his mother, receiving in return a quarter, usually in small change, and permission to get off and amuse himself in any way he saw fit, provided he turned up around seven at the tenement for supper, or had a good reason for not doing so.

To return to Dan and his errand to Broker Green, of Green & Haroke, in the Johnstone Building.

He soon reached his destination and asked for the trader.

"Not in," said the cashier. "You may leave your message with me."

"My orders are to hand it to Mr. Green personally," replied the boy. "Where will I find him?"

"I couldn't tell you, but as I expect him back any minute you had better wait."

There was a bunch of people in the room, and the two or three chairs were occupied.

To make sure that he would see the broker just as soon as he came in, Dan decided to walk into his private room and wait there.

A big easy-chair on the other side of the broker's private safe took Dan's eye, and he sat down in it to try it.

It felt so comfortable that he concluded to remain there, and to pass the time he picked up a copy of an afternoon newspaper, a blanket sheet, and proceeded to read the news.

Although it was a cool, spring day, the room was unusually warm, because the radiator was sending off an extra quantity of heat, and Dan, being close to it, got the full benefit of it.

He could easily have pulled the chair away from the radiator, but the idea did not occur to him.

Dan wasn't accustomed to being alone for any length of time, and as the only sounds that reached him were the footsteps of passers-by in the corridor, he soon began to nod over the news in the paper.

He yawned once or twice as he lay back in the chair, and then his eyes closed, and he began thinking about a stock deal he was interested in which he had put through at the little bank on Nassau street.

He had accumulated, one way or another, independent of his wages and without his mother's knowledge, \$50 six months since.

This he had put up as marginal security for five shares of some stock he noticed going up.

It gradually went up ten points, and then, while Dan was debating whether he ought to sell or not, it went up another ten, and then five more on top of that.

Then he sold and cleared \$125, which looked like a lot of money to him, plus his original \$50.

His success induced him to venture into another deal, which was also successful and netted him another \$125 profit on ten shares of A. & B.

Other small deals followed during the winter, with the result that Dan accumulated the sum of \$1,200.

He had the greater part of this up now on 100 shares of L. & M.

The stock had already advanced eight points, and Dan confidently expected to add another \$1,000 to his capital.

He was figuring on this pleasing prospect, as he sat in the cozy armchair, and while he was thinking what a surprise it would be to his mother if she found out he was worth \$2,000 in real money—a surprise he meant to defer for some time, as he knew in that case what would happen to the money—he fell asleep, almost completely hidden under the folds of the big newspaper.

## CHAPTER II.

LITTLE DAN OVERHEARS SOMETHING NOT INTENDED FOR HIS EARS.

How long little Dan slept serenely in the comfortable armchair is a matter of no importance; it is enough to know that he awoke suddenly and heard voices in the room.

Broker Green was at his desk, and his partner sat between him and the safe, with his back to it.

The easy-chair was, as we have already mentioned, on the other side of the safe, though not wholly hidden by it.

A casual glance at the chair would have impressed a person that it was occupied only by a large, open newspaper carelessly thrown over it.

The newspaper, however, as the reader knows, hid the major part of little Dan Tucker, leaving only one leg partly exposed.

As neither Mr. Green nor his partner looked in that direction when they came into the room, the leg was not noticed, consequently the owner of it remained undisturbed.

Dan was about to throw off the newspaper and announce his presence in the room when he heard a voice say:

"We've only one course before us, Green, if we are to save ourselves from going to the wall—we've got to use those securities belonging to young Harry Hilton."

"I don't see how we can touch them, Hawke. The boy will be of age in a week or two, and he will expect us to turn them over to him," replied Green.

"What he expects and what we will do are two very different things."

"But he will have the right to demand the bonds on the day he comes of age, and I have no doubt he will be on hand bright and early after his property."

"We must put him off. I fancy it will not be so difficult to invent some excuse to cover the ground."

"What excuse can we invent? The bonds were placed in our care with the understanding that they were to be delivered to him on his twenty-first birthday. He knows that as well as we do. We have collected the interest regularly and sent it to him, less our small commission. The bonds are in our safe deposit box, and we can have no valid reason for withholding them when he calls and asks for them."

"Do you know where we can raise the money to meet our obligations without borrowing those bonds?" said Hawke.

"I admit I do not. We have already hypothecated about everything of value belonging to us. It was most unfortunate that we went into that Iron Mountain deal. The unexpected slump of the market has caught us badly."

"So badly that unless something is done we will have to announce our failure. Our seat in the exchange will have to be sacrificed for the benefit of our creditors, and with still a heavy balance against us we cannot hope to resume business. You may view all this from a philosophical standpoint, but I can't. Some people can accept reverses and make the best of the situation. You may be one of those individuals, but I am not. Furthermore, I won't, when I see the chance of skinning out of a bad predicament."

"We might interview the young man, explain the difficult position we are in, and ask him to defer—"

"Don't be a fool, Green," said Hawke, impatiently. "Do you suppose young Hilton would let us use his property if he knew we were in a hole? Not for a moment. He wouldn't leave the office without his bonds. He wouldn't take any chances for our benefit."



"But if we use his securities without his permission how are we going to justify the action? He could have us arrested for appropriating property which did not belong to us."

"Leave that to me, Green. I will see that he does not make any trouble for us."

"How will you?"

"I have a particular friend named Shabner who will strain a point to oblige me. He will see to it that young Hilton is quietly removed to a place where the bonds will be of no use to him."

"What do you mean, Hawke?"

"It isn't necessary to go into particulars. You needn't know anything about the matter at all. All I want is your consent to make use of the bonds. I will see to it that if young Hilton makes any fuss on his twenty-first birthday with respect to our course of action, he is choked off in an effective way without any reflections upon our firm. We will be saved from impending ruin, and Green & Hawke will continue to do business at the old stand."

There was silence for a few moments in the room.

"I'm afraid you mean harm to young Hilton," said Green, slowly.

"What do you care as long as you have nothing to do with it, and are the gainer by whatever I see fit to do?" said Hawke.

"I am not a stone, Hawke. I have some feeling."

"There should be no sentiment in business. Charity always begins at home. We have reached a crisis in our affairs where we must act to save ourselves. What is Hilton to us? Nothing. He is not even a prospective customer. If he takes those bonds away that is the last we shall see of him. We need money. We have simply got to have it to square ourselves with our creditors. Those bonds are in our reach. All we need do is to make use of them."

"You mean hypothecate them, I suppose?"

"We can raise about seventy per cent. of their value that way, for they are gilt-edged; but I am not sure that would be enough to see us through. We might have to sell them outright."

"How would we be able to return them to Hilton, in that case, supposing we succeeded in putting him off? He has a paper containing the numbers."

"What difference does the numbers amount to if we ultimately were in a position to hand him an exact equivalent of the bonds?"

"True. We might be able to purchase similar bonds in six months. I would not oppose your plans if I thought Hilton would give us no trouble."

"Don't worry. I will see the young man and fix it up with him."

"You seem confident of being able to persuade him to——"

"I have no doubt about it. The matter is settled then? We will use the bonds to pull ourselves out of our hole? That is understood, is it?"

"I suppose so," replied Green, in a hesitating tone.

"There must be no supposition about it," said Hawke, sharply. "You must say Yes or No flatly. The situation admits of no dillydallying. It has got to be met, and you know it."

"Very well. I leave this thing in your hands," said the senior partner, yielding, as he always felt compelled to do, to the arguments of his business associate.

"That's the way to talk, Green," said Hawke, slapping his partner on the knee. "The only fault I find with you is your lack of sand in an emergency. If you did not have me at your elbow to stiffen your backbone I'm thinking you'd soon be down and out. Now that we have settled this matter let us see how we stand. Who is the largest creditor—Carson, isn't it?"

"Yes, here is the list of our indebtedness."

"We'll have to settle with him in full for cash. He won't accept any compromise in the way of a note. He is sore on us since that Erie deal last spring, when we caught him in a trap and made him come down on the nail. It is my opinion that he has been laying for us ever since, and that when he saw we were in Iron Mountain up to our neck he went around among his rich friends and engineered the job which has left us where we are."

"I suspected as much."

"Well, never mind. We may get him yet where the shoe pinches. I have a long memory, and I always endeavor to return favors received. Dixon, I see, has quite a claim upon us. He is a particular friend of Carson's, and we can hardly expect any consideration from him. Janeway is another mem-

ber of the Carson clique. This list is full of earmarks that show the hand of Carson in our downfall," said Hawke, returning it to his partner. "I would risk a life sentence in Sing Sing sooner than that bunch should wipe us off the Wall Street map."

"I am looking for the customary communications from all these people this afternoon. I am surprised that none have reached me yet, and it is close on to three now," said Green.

Little Dan, the concealed listener, gave a gasp when he heard the time mentioned.

He left his office at a quarter past one.

Both the boss and the cashier were doubtless wondering what had become of him.

His long absence must have inconvenienced them, for business was humming.

Well, he couldn't help it.

He would have to invent some kind of an excuse to cover his delinquency.

And it was the first time he had ever been driven into such a corner.

"You'll hear from them, don't worry," snapped Hawke, getting up. "I'll go to the safe deposit vault, get out those bonds and turn them into cash so we'll be ready to effect a settlement on the best terms we can get."

Hawke turned around and his eye caught sight of Dan's exposed leg.

He uttered an imprecation, which attracted his partner's attention, strode to the armchair and snatched away the newspaper.

Little Dan sat revealed to both men.

Hawke's oath had warned him that his presence was discovered, and the shrewd lad closed his eyes and simulated profound repose.

"By Jove!" cried Hawke, "what do you think of that? And it's Carson's boy, too. If he has heard our conversation——"

Green stared and then sprang from his chair in great trepidation.

"He seems to be asleep," he said. "How came he in here?"

"How should I know? It is evident he was here when we came in and has been here ever since. I take it that he brought a letter from Carson, but messenger boys don't usually fall asleep in people's offices. Besides, he has no right to be in your private room. If the office boy let him in he ought to be fired. If he didn't, then this chap had a great nerve to walk in himself without permission, and remain here when he saw the room was unoccupied. He seems to be asleep, but I would like to be certain on that point. If he heard our talk about Hilton's bonds we'd be in a hole. We would have to bribe him to keep his mouth shut. But I cannot understand how he fell asleep. It doesn't seem——"

"Perhaps he was to a party last night and didn't get home until late?" said Green. "Then it's pretty close in this room. There appears to be an extra amount of steam in the pipes this afternoon. I must open the window and air the place. Wake him up and see what he has to say for himself."

"Here, wake up, young man," said Hawke, shaking Dan by the arm, and watching the effect closely.

Little Dan was not only shrewd, but a good actor in his way.

After what he had overheard he knew it would not do to let on that he had been awake at any stage of the game.

He opened his eyes, with a slight snort, and stared at Hawke.

Then he looked at Green.

He sprang out of the chair, in apparent confusion, and putting his hand into his pocket drew out Mr. Carson's note.

"I brought this note for you, Mr. Green," he said, holding it out.

"Hum!" said Green, taking it. "Will you explain why you came in here when I was not in the room?"

"The cashier told me he expected you back any minute and told me to wait. As the room was full outside, and I wanted to deliver that note right off the reel, I thought I'd come in here. I picked up a paper to read, and I guess I fell asleep for a couple of minutes, for I was kind of sleepy."

"A couple of minutes!" said Green. "Do you recollect when you came in?"

"Yes, sir. It was twenty-five minutes past one by the office clock outside."

"And what time do you suppose it is now?"

"Half-past one or maybe a little later."

"Green took out his watch, looked at it and held it before Dan's eyes.

"Do you see what time it is?" he said.



Dan's eyes stuck out with simulated astonishment.

"It can't be that late," he said. "A quarter to three!"

"That's the time," said Green.

"Heavens! I'll catch all kinds of fits, for the boss told me to hustle. What the dickens will I tell him when I get back? He told me to find you if you were not in your office. Maybe he'll believe I've been chasing around looking for you. He's sure to ask me if it took me an hour and a half to find you, and I don't like to lie about it. Guess I'll have to face the music. Please read the note and let me have an answer so I can get back."

Green opened the note and found not only what he expected, but something more.

He passed the note to his partner.

Hawke read it and passed it back with a frown.

"Tell him we'll settle in full in twenty-four hours," he said.

So Green went to his desk, wrote the reply, put it in an envelope and handed it to Dan, who hurried off with it.

"I guess there is no doubt that he slept all through our interview," said Green, apparently much relieved at the thought.

"I hope so," answered Hawke, who was still suspicious.

Then Green returned to his desk and his partner left the room.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DAN BUTTS IN.

Little Dan Tucker turned up at his office at three o'clock.

"Where have you been all this time, young man?" said Cashier Jones. "Mr. Carson has been looking for you. He went to the Exchange at two and has telephoned three times to know if you had got back. Did it take you all this time to reach Mr. Green?"

"I didn't see him till fifteen minutes ago," replied Dan, quite truthfully.

"You got the answer you were sent for, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, as the Exchange has just closed for the day there is no use of you taking the note over there. I guess Mr. Carson will be back soon. Keep it and hand it to him when he comes in."

Dan took his seat by the window.

He generally took the day's deposits to the bank just before three, but the junior clerk performed that duty when he was not on hand.

That young man was now at the bank.

For the time being Dan had nothing to do, so his thoughts turned to the conversation he had overheard between Green and his partner in their office.

"So they're going to make free with the bonds belonging to a young fellow named Harry Hilton, who comes of age in a week or two, in order to save themselves from going to the wall, and if Hilton puts up any squeal Mr. Hawke is going to fix him somehow. That's nice business for a respectable brokerage firm to be guilty of. But, of course, they're in a pretty bad fix, and I guess a good many brokers would take some chances to keep from busting up. Still Green & Hawke have no right to work any crooked game to save themselves. If caught at it they would stand a nice chance of going to jail, and then they would be in a worse fix than ever. It is lucky for me that they don't suspect I heard their talk. Yet what could they do to me? Show me up as a listener is about all, which wouldn't look well for me. But would they dare under the circumstances? I don't think they would. Well, I don't know that it's any of my business anyway. I haven't the least idea who Hilton is, and I'm not likely to find out, yet I think he ought to be warned about what is on the rocks. However, I don't suppose they really mean to rob him—certainly Green talked as though he was not in favor of Hawke's plan. They merely want to use his property until they can turn themselves. Lots of people in financial difficulty would like to do the same thing if the chance came their way, and the majority of persons in Hilton's place would object to making themselves a convenience for the benefit of others. I know I would," thought Dan, looking out of the window, and seeing nothing in particular.

He looked at the clock and wondered when the boss would show up.

"So Mr. Carson has put Green & Hawke in a hole? Seems to me brokers are trying to do that to one another every day in the week. Hawke said that his firm got the edge on Mr. Carson last spring in Erie and tried to squeeze him. If that is so then my boss has the right to get back at them, and he

appears to have done it. I guess that note was a demand for an immediate settlement, and the answer is that they'll settle in full to-morrow—with Harry Hilton's help, but without his permission. I wonder what Hilton will do when the bonds are not forthcoming at the time he is entitled to them? He might hire a lawyer and——"

The entrance of Broker Carson cut short Dan's soliloquy.

He jumped up and handed Green's note over to his employer.

The gentleman tore it open and read it, then he turned to the boy.

"You seem to have had quite a time finding Mr. Green?" he said.

Dan might have said "Yes, sir," and have got off with that.

But that would have been a lie, and Dan had been brought up to tell the truth.

"Not particular, sir. I went to his office and waited for him to come in."

"Couldn't you find out where you could find him?"

"The cashier didn't know. He said he expected Mr. Green in any minute and told me to wait."

Mr. Carson was about to say something else when a friend of his came in, and Dan, much to his satisfaction, escaped further questions.

He was sent out again presently, and kept busy until nearly four.

Nothing further being wanted of him he left for the day.

Before going, however, he looked over the final quotations on the ticker tape and found that the stock in which he was interested had gone up another point.

Dan walked up to Broadway and thence up that thoroughfare to Vesey street to see if his mother had any orders to give him.

During the first six months of his career in Wall Street he used to help his mother by carrying her paraphernalia from the house to the corner mornings, and back again about dusk.

As Mrs. Tucker grew prosperous she hired a stout boy, who lived in the tenement, to perform that labor for her, thus relieving Dan of the duty.

Since that time Dan was expected to have supper under way at home against her return.

Mrs. Tucker was reading one of the afternoon papers when Dan came up.

"How's business to-day, mother?" he asked.

"Faith, I can't complain. Me takin's have been about the same as usual," she replied. "I suppose there is nothin' new in Wall Street to-day?"

"There's a new boy next door to us they're breaking into the business, and our junior clerk sported a new tie to-day," grinned Dan.

"Get along wid yer jokin'. Do yez sit down her now and moind the stand while I go down the block to stretch me legs."

His mother got up and walked away, leaving him in charge.

Pretty soon along came a Wall Street messenger he knew.

"Hello, Dan," said the boy, stopping. "What are you doing here?"

"Tending shop. Want to buy an apple?"

"No. What are you doing it for?" said the lad, who did not know that Dan's mother ran the business, as Dan kept that fact a secret from his associates in the financial district.

"I'm doing it to oblige the owner of the stand."

"Why don't you buy an interest in the business and run it after office hours?" grinned the youth.

"I will if you'll go in partnership with me."

"Ho! I'd see myself tending a peanut stand. What do you think I am?"

"You might do worse," replied Dan.

At that moment an A. D. T. messenger stopped.

"Where's the old woman?" he asked.

"She's gone around the block to see how the weather will be to-morrow," said Dan.

"I suppose you think that's funny? Give me two apples for a cent."

"The apples are fresh and haven't any scent. You'll find all you want of that at the drugstore across the street," getting back at the messenger, for the cheapest apples on the stand were ticketed at two cents, or three for a nickel.

"Aw, rats!" cried the messenger, in disgust, and picking up an apple and handing Tom two cents, he walked off.

Dan put the money on the corner of the stand and picked up the paper, for his Wall Street acquaintance had walked on.

He sold some peanuts next and several more apples.

Then his mother came back and told him he could go.



He started for the tenement house on Cannon street, going up Park Row, and thence into East Broadway.

He stopped at a butcher's shop, and then at a grocery, and finally reached the tenement with several packages.

Everybody in the neighborhood knew Dan either by sight or to speak to.

He was the best dressed boy in the block, but this fact had ceased to occasion any remark, for every one knew he worked in Wall Street and had to look well.

The street was alive with kids of all ages and sizes.

There were half a dozen grogshops, in the immediate vicinity, and they did not lack for custom, particularly after the shades of night had fallen, and their gas-jets were lighted.

They were the curse of the neighborhood, because men spent more money over their bars than they could afford, and in many cases their families were half-starved and ill-clothed in consequence.

One of the small stores, with living rooms in the rear, of the tenement in which Dan lived, was rented by a cobbler of surly aspect.

When he wasn't pounding away at a shoe across his knees he was licking his wife, or by way of variety his twelve-year-old step-daughter.

He seemed determined to let his neighbors know he was alive.

He kept a stone jug containing liquid stimulant within reach, to which he frequently applied himself.

He always scowled at Dan when he saw him.

He hated the boy because he looked prosperous, and everybody spoke well of him.

As Dan was entering the doorway with his bundles he noticed a sudden commotion in the cobbler's shop.

He heard the cobbler's strident voice raised in anger, and mingled with it were the girlish tones of his step-daughter uttered in protest.

Then came a heavy slap, as if the man's leather strap had descended on the girl's back, which brought a shrill scream from the lips of the sufferer.

As the rumpus increased the children in the immediate vicinity were attracted to the doorway, and stood around it in a semi-circle looking into the shop.

"The old villain is laying it on to Jess again," said Dan, stopping where he was. "He's a brute and ought to be arrested and sent to the Island."

The girl's screams increased as the strap continued to descend upon her back and shoulders, hardly protected by the thin calico gown she wore.

Dan felt that he couldn't stand by and know that the girl was being half murdered by her step-father; but to interfere meant trouble, for Cris Bocker was a dangerous man to monkey with.

"Here, Tim, hold my packages, will you?" said Dan.

He shoved his bundles on the boy, pushed through the mob around the door and entered the shop.

"Help, help!" screamed Jessie Bocker. "Don't hit me any more, you're killing me!" added the girl, piteously.

Bocker's eyes were fierce and bloodshot, and he seemed to have lost all command over himself.

He was clearly under the influence of the rotgut spirits he imbibed from the jug.

"I don't care if I do kill you, you little jade!" he hissed. "I'll make you do as I want or I'll break every bone in your body."

At that moment Dan caught his descending arm and arrested the blow half-way.

"Here, you big coward, cut this out!" cried the boy, with flushing eye. "You've gone far enough. Drop that strap!"

Bocker turned his inflamed eyes upon Dan.

When he saw who it was, he uttered a howl of rage, released his step-daughter and tried to tear his arm free with the intention of hitting the plucky lad.

Dan gave his wrist a smart twist.

The cobbler uttered a yell of pain and dropped the strap.

Then with a bowl of wrath he made a dive for his bench, snatched up his short, curved knife, with its razor edge, that he used for cutting leather, and made a lunge at the boy with it.

There was murder in his eyes at that moment, and there isn't any doubt that his intention was to kill Dan.

But the boy was too quick for him, and seizing his arm, held him off.

Then a desperate struggle took place between them, with the knife flashing to and fro in the air.

## CHAPTER IV.

## DAN WINS OUT.

Jessie Bocker watched the conflict with frightened and distended eyes.

The children, and the two or three men who had joined them, watched it also, from outside.

The latter, though able-bodied fellows, made no attempt to interfere to prevent a possible tragedy.

Everybody was afraid of the cobbler.

Crash!

Dan and Bocker tripped over the bench, upsetting it and going down in a heap, the boy on top.

The struggle went on amid the wreck of tools, pieces of leather and bunches of old shoes.

Bocker kicked the boy in the side with his knee.

Dan felt that it was high time to bring matters to a conclusion.

He tore his right arm from the cobbler's grasp, and before that individual could secure another hold Dan smashed his fist in his face.

Quick as a wink he repeated the blow on the end of the man's jaw and Bocker lay back dazed.

Before he could recover his wits, Dan got the knife out of his hand and flung it under the wide window shelf on which were exhibited mended shoes, pots of blacking, and various other things connected with Bocker's business.

Then he got up and looked at the dazed cobbler.

"Run, run!" cried Jessie, laying her hand on his arm. "He'll murder you when he comes to."

"No, he won't. He's tried that already. You'd better get out of the way yourself or he might take the strap to you again after I am out of the way."

"It was so kind of you to save me from him," said the girl, shaking all over. "I am very grateful to you, indeed I am."

"That's all right. You're welcome. Now go back into your rooms."

"But you must go at once," she said, earnestly.

"Sure, in a minute."

At that juncture a policeman, attracted by the crowd and excitement, came along.

He soon learned what the trouble was and pushed his way into the shop.

He knew what kind of a man Cris Bocker was, and wouldn't have been surprised had he heard he had murdered his wife, or his step-daughter, or both of them.

He had arrested the man several times, but could not get Mrs. Bocker to appear against him, so the magistrate was forced to discharge him, except on one occasion when the policeman happened to be an eye-witness, and then he gave him ten days in the city prison.

From the little the cop picked up concerning the present trouble, he guessed a case could be made out against the scoundrel.

Bocker was coming to when he marched into the shop.

"What's the trouble?" he asked Dan.

The boy told him in a few words.

"So he tried to stab you with his cobbler's knife?" said the cop.

"Yes," nodded Dan.

"I'll take him in for that and you will have to press the case against him. Where's the knife?"

"I threw it under that shelf."

"Fish it out, then. You were present during the whole trouble, wasn't you?" the officer asked the girl.

"Yes," replied Jessie.

"Then you can swear that your step-father tried to stab this boy?"

The girl hesitated.

She regarded it as much as her life was worth to swear to anything against her step-father.

The ruffian had her and her mother completely terrorized.

The cop understood the case with her.

"I'll have you summoned as a witness anyway," he said.

By that time Dan had recovered the knife and handed it to the officer.

The policeman took a look at the crowd in the doorway, and noted down in his book the names of several men he knew.

He also took down the names of the larger children.

"Now then, Bocker, put on your coat and come with me," he said to the cobbler.

That individual protested against his arrest, but he had no say in the matter, and was marched off.



The crowd melted away, the men hoping that the cobbler would get what he deserved, without having any suspicion that they would be called upon to assist in the good work.

"Are you going to appear in court against my step-father, Dan?" asked Jessie, apprehensively.

"I'll have to. So will you. And I guess several in the crowd who saw the scrap will be summoned, too," said Dan.

"But if you tell everything, and he is sent to the Island, he will kill you when he gets free."

"If he's convicted, as I guess he will be, he won't go to the Island, but to Sing Sing. Assaulting me with his knife is a whole lot more serious than beating you and your mother with his strap or fists. It comes under the charge of murderous assault. It might get from five to ten years. I hope he does. You and your mother will be well rid of him. If you are smart both of you will keep out of his way when he leaves prison. Such a scoundrel doesn't deserve to have a decent wife and daughter. Where is your mother? She didn't show up during the disturbance."

"She went uptown to see her sister. She ought to be back soon."

"You can tell her about the trouble, and also that Bocker is likely this time to get all that's coming to him."

With those words Dan walked out of the shop, recovered his packages and went upstairs, where he began preparations for supper.

The incident soon circulated all over the block.

The women canvassed the arrest of the cobbler among themselves, from window to window, or in little groups in the hallways.

Dan was a general favorite in that neighborhood and they shook their heads over the ultimate result of Bocker's incarceration, for the man was generally feared.

"Sure he'll kill the b'y whin he gets out," said one woman, "and thin what will Mrs. Tucker do without her Danny?"

"I think it's our duty, faith, to advise her to be after movin' at wanst before the old villain returns to his shop," said another. "That will be the safest way, don't yez think?"

"If he gets a year on the Island for tryin' to stab the boy, as I heard he did, sure she can take her own time about movin'," put in a third.

"But will he get a year? Faith, I doubt it," said the first speaker.

"That depends on the evidence in coort, Mrs. Hennessy. His daughter was presint and if she backs up Dan's tistimony, sure he'll get it all right."

"She wouldn't dare say a word ag'in him. He'd cut her into pieces whin he got out, do yez mind."

"Sure, he would that. Me husband saw the whole thing, and I cautioned him to forgit it, so I did. I have no desire to be left a widder."

"Do yez think the cop will supeny any of the children? Me Mary Ellen was in the dureway and saw it all. It's nervous I am about what might happen to her if she had to give her evidence before the magistrate."

"Don't worry, Mrs. McFadden. There was a bunch of thim about the dure and the cop would have to supeny the crowd to get her, and how would he know who they were, sure? Anyway yez had better tell her to be sparin' of her gab about the affair, thin no wan will find out she knows anythin' at all at all."

"But Mary Ellen towld me she saw the cop lookin' at the people in the dureway and writin' down their names maybe in his book."

"It was probably the men he was takin' down. It's glad I am me man was not home from wurruk to be wan of thim."

The trouble created quite a breeze of excitement all through the block, and while sentiment was strong against the cobbler, no one believed he would receive more than a nominal punishment for his attack on little Dan Tucker.

An hour later Mrs. Tucker's well-known expansive figure, followed by the boy with the greater part of her shop fixings and stock, came down the block.

A bunch of women, canvassing the recent episode, around one of the tenement doorways waylaid her, and told her the whole story.

In their opinion her son had had a fortunate escape from a slab in the morgue, but nevertheless they feared what might ultimately happen to him when the cobbler returned to his stamping grounds.

Mrs. Tucker was a woman of few words on occasions, and this time she elected to hazard few remarks until she had seen her son and learned the facts from their source.

All she would say was that she guessed Danny could take care of himself, and further that she would feel very sorry for the cobbler, as big a ruffian as he was, if he hurt her son.

These few words were accompanied by an aggressive squaring of her jaws, and a flash in her eyes, which confirmed the impression that prevailed already that the Tuckers, at least, were not afraid of Cris Bocker.

When the boy had deposited his load inside the Tucker quarters and departed Mrs. Tucker removed her hat and turning to little Dan, who was busy at the stove, said:

"What's this I hear about yez buttin' into the cobbler's domestic affairs on your way home? I want the story now without any filigree work, do yez moind, for it luks to me as if yez had put yer fut in it."

Dan gave it to her straight.

She listened without interrupting him.

"So thim are the facts?" she said.

"Yes, mother."

"I belave yez, and I have no fault to find wid ye under the circumstances, though it's me opinion that ye can't luk for trouble easier than to butt in where yez are not wanted. So the villain tried to stab ye, did he? And ye got him pinched for it? Be me sowl it's high time, so it is, that he was put through for wanst. Ye have me permission to see it through, be the consequences what they may. The girl will have to tell her story and back yez up. I'll make it me business after supper to call on her and put some backbone into her. She'll go to coort if I have to carry her there, bedad, and she'll spake up whin she gets there if I have anythin' to say about it. I'm goin' to see that Cris Bocker gets tin years in the penitentiary. He deserves ivery day av it. It will be a charity to his wife and step-daughter to have him sint away for a good spell. Now what other witnesses were there? I hear that Mary Ellen McFadden was wan of thim, and Patrick Hinnessy another."

"Yes. The cop took down their names and several others."

"Glory be, it's a funk they'll be in whin they are supented to appear. They are all afraid of the cobbler. Well, here's their chance to get rid av him for some time to come, and it's fools they'd be not to take advantage of the chance. It's meself that'll see that they don't sneak out of their juty."

Mrs. Tucker was clearly a woman who meant business when she got going.

Everybody in the block was aware of that fact.

And she was respected accordingly.

After supper Mrs. Tucker called upon Mrs. Bocker and Jessie.

She congratulated Mrs. Bocker on the prospect of her worthless husband getting what he deserved.

Then she opened on Jessie and laid the law down to her good and strong.

"Ye'll back up me Danny in coort or I'll know why yez won't. It's for your own good and yer mother's, anyway. Me Danny tuk his lolfe in his hands to serve yez, and so it's yer juty to do the right thing. Ye'll be supented anyway, and I'm goin' to be in the coort to see that yez tell the truth, moind that. Your a good girl, I know, but ye are afraid to death of that man. Please the pigs, we'll put him where he won't do no harm for a while to come," she said.

Jessie tearfully promised to corroborate Dan in court, and Mrs. Tucker retired satisfied that she would.

## CHAPTER V.

### DAN SAVES A YOUNG LADY.

Dan was notified that Bocker would have a preliminary hearing at the Tombs Police Court next day at eleven o'clock, and he was instructed to be on hand.

The policeman who made the arrest went around early next morning and notified Jessie Bocker and five other witnesses that they must appear in court at the designated hour to testify in the case.

Great was the consternation in the homes of the five.

Three were men and two were large children, Mary Ellen McFadden being one of the latter.

The officer told them that if they were not present on time they would be arrested for contempt of court.

Dan went to his office at the usual time, and when Mr. Carson came in he showed him the court order he had received, and told him the circumstances of the case.

He received permission to comply with the order.

When he reached the police court he found everybody connected with the case already there, the children accompanied by their mothers.



Mrs. Tucker was also on hand, prepared to see that the witnesses did their duty.

The cobbler was called to the bar and pleaded not guilty.

He was sober now, but just as rascally looking.

Little Dan Tucker told his story, which was corroborated by Jessie in a frightened way, and by the five witnesses unwillingly.

The magistrate held Bocker for the action of the Grand Jury, and placed his bond at \$2,500.

Had it been much less, no one would have come forward to qualify as security, so he was remanded to the Tombs.

Dan then returned to Wall Street, reaching the office at about half-past one.

On his first trip out he got a sight of the market quotations on the blackboard at the Exchange, and found that up to 93, a rise of four points since the day previous.

That made him feel extra good, and he began to think about selling his shares.

He had no chance to go near the little bank, anyway, as he was kept very busy, and when the Exchange closed his stock was one point higher.

Green & Hawke settled in full with Broker Carson, which included not only his own account, but that of his friends.

From their other creditors they secured part time, and in this way just pulled through.

They used the \$100,000 worth of bonds belonging to Harry Hilton, Hawke having sold them at their market price.

The sale was perfectly legal, Green & Hawke being responsible for it.

The purchasers got a clear title to the bonds under the Wall Street rules.

Hilton would have to look to Green & Hawke for his money.

If they did not settle with him on demand he could proceed against the firm in a civil action for recovery, and against the brokers individually criminally.

If he consented to give them time to make good and they failed to do so, he then could only sue the firm for the value of bonds with interest.

Green & Hawke knew they had placed themselves in a delicate situation.

Hawke had his plans laid and had no doubt of pulling through.

His first move was to see Hilton when the young man called for his property, state the case and make him a proposition.

If Hilton accepted it, Green & Hawke would be safe from prosecution for using the bonds without authority, but Hawke had not much confidence in the result.

He therefore called on his friend, Moe Shabner, to help him out if need be.

Shabner was principal proprietor of a gambling establishment frequented by men about town and others of means.

This place occupied a large five-story brown stone front on a side street off Fifth avenue uptown.

It was well known to the police department, but for reasons enjoyed immunity in a general way, but just the same Shabner took no chances that he could help.

Incidentally Shabner was a power in the underworld and owned another place on the middle East Side.

This establishment was also protected, but was subject to a raid from the police at any time, though word always reached Shabner's manager in advance, so that nothing came of the raids.

It was frequented altogether by crooks, who usually lost all their ill-gotten games there on a game that was in great favor with them.

As men wanted by the authorities for various crimes were here almost every night, secret passages leading from the cellar to side and back streets furnished them with opportunities for a quick getaway.

There were other appendages to the place which could be called into use when necessary, and the crowd could always be depended on to assist in case their services were needed.

Shabner, who felt under a certain obligation to Hawke for Wall Street tips, willingly agreed to help the broker out, and so the matter rested for the present.

On the following day L. & M. went with a rush to par, and Dan sold out, clearing \$2,000 on his deal.

Two days later he collected his money.

"How mother would stare if she heard I was worth over \$3,000," thought Dan. "But I know what she'd do. She'd take the money away from me and that would end my Wall Street luck. So I don't mean to let her know anything about

it. What she doesn't know won't trouble her, and as I've made the money I have the right to keep it, and I intend to, for she doesn't need any of it. I'd be glad to give up half of it if she would quit business, but that I'm afraid she won't do in a hurry. She wouldn't be contented to stay away from Broadway and Vesey street. She ought to have been a man, for she's got the business instinct. My father never looked beyond the truck he drove. I certainly don't take after him. I hope to amount to something some day, and it won't be my fault if I don't."

As Dan believed in keeping his money at work, he kept his eyes open for another chance in the market.

It came along in a few days, for business was good in Wall Street in those days, and he put \$2,000 up on 200 shares of O. & G., which was advancing.

He bought the stock at 88 and then kept his eyes on the daily quotations.

Although ten days had elapsed since he overheard the conversation between Broker Green and his partner, the matter had not slipped his mind.

His sympathies were with young Hilton, but he did not see that he could do anything to help that young fellow, with whose identity he was unacquainted.

On the following Saturday afternoon Dan, as usual, brought his pay envelope to his mother at her stand.

"Now, Dan," she said, "I want yez to go uptown for me."

"All right, mother," he replied.

"Do yez see this advertisement?" she continued, holding up a cutting from one of the dailies. "It's Berne's on Twenty-third strate. Get wan av thim things. The price yez see is forty-nine cints, reduced from sivinty-five. Here's the money, wid tin cints for carfare, and the quarter ye always get."

"Isn't it about time you raised me to half a dollar?" grinned Dan.

"Half a dollar, is it? Don't I give yez all the money ye want? Ye get fifteen cints ivery mornin' for your loonch, and extry money if yez want to go to some show durin' the wake. And I pay for your clothes. What more do yez want?"

"I was only fooling, mother," said Dan. "You want one of these articles in this advertisement? All right. You'll find it at home when you get there."

"Run along now, so yez may have toime to go somewhere before ye nade be at home to start the fire in the stove."

Dan boarded a Broadway car and rode up to Twenty-third street.

A pretty and well-dressed young lady got off the car ahead of him.

As she started for the sidewalk a cab came down on that side of the car, and the vehicle would have knocked her down and run over her but for quick action on the part of Dan, who was close behind her.

In spite of his stunted size, Dan's arms were equipped with muscles of steel.

He grabbed the girl, whose age was apparently fifteen, and swung her out of the way as easily as though she was in the grip of a moving derrick.

The cab shot by, its wheels brushing the skirts of her gown, then Dan gently let her down on the crossing.

"There you are, miss. I'll take you to the sidewalk," said Dan, taking hold of the frightened girl's arm and leading her along.

He was about to pass on, after raising his hat politely, when the girl caught him by the arm.

"You saved my life," she fluttered. "How can I thank you enough?"

"Don't mention it, miss. You're welcome," returned Dan.

"But I want you to know how much I appreciate the service you have done for me."

"That's all right. Any one appreciates a favor of that kind."

"I want to know your name and address. My brother will wish to thank you," she said.

"My name is Dan Tucker. I work for Broker Carson, at No. — Wall Street. Here is one of his business cards."

"Oh, you are employed in Wall Street? My name is Miss Hilton. My brother and I live at the St. Lucas, an apartment house in West Forty-fifth street. I will give you one of my cards. Won't you call and see us to-morrow evening? My brother will be delighted to meet you."

"I can't promise, Miss Hilton, but I might come."

While speaking they were walking down Twenty-third street together.

"I have to go in here," she said, nodding toward a glove store, where a fine grade of umbrellas, walking canes, and



sundry articles in gold and silver plate were also sold. "Now don't fail to call if you possibly can. We will look for you." Thus speaking, she offered him her gloved hand, smiled, sweetly and entered the store.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DAN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HARRY HILTON.

Dan went on his way.

Hilton, he said, with another look at the card. "She said she and her brother live at the St. Lucas apartment house on West Forty-fifth street. I wonder if her brother could be the Harry Hilton who owns those bonds that Green & Hawke have probably made free with? I ought to have asked her if his name was Harry, and if he had business dealings with Green & Hawke. She's nicely dressed, and very ladylike. She has fine solitaire diamond earrings, and a ring with a cluster of diamonds. She certainly looks as if she were connected with a rich family. Well, I can learn all I want to know by calling to-morrow night. She's a mighty pretty girl, and I wouldn't mind calling on her. I guess I will."

By that time he was abreast of Berne's department store and he went in.

Showing the advertisement to a floorwalker, he was directed to the basement.

There he found the article his mother wanted which had been on special sale all the week.

He bought it and started for Cannon street.

On the way he thought a good deal about the fair Miss Hilton, whose other name was Clara, as indicated by the card.

He was almost confident that her brother was the owner of the bonds.

"Well, if he is I'm going to put him wise to Green & Hawke, if he hasn't already found out. But, of course, he'll have to regard the disclosure as confidential, for I don't want to get into trouble over it," thought Dan.

After carrying his purchase upstairs to his mother's rooms he went out to find one or more of his acquaintances.

He stopped in a few moments to see Jessie Bocker.

Her mother had hired a cobbler to carry on her husband's business, as he had quite an extensive trade in the neighborhood, for whatever his failings were there was no question about his ability to sole, heel and patch shoes in a first-class manner.

Mrs. Bocker hoped to retain her husband's customers, and the chances were she would, for she had the sympathy of the neighborhood.

At Mrs. Tucker's suggestion she added candy and apples as a side line to the regular business, and she soon found that in her case the suggestion was a good one, for the children were told by their mothers to trade with her.

Dan got back in time to make the fire and get supper under way, as his mother came home earlier on Saturday.

He thought over the question of calling on the Hiltons, and finally decided that he would do it.

Miss Hilton being a very charming girl, he wanted to see her again.

So telling his mother that he had received an invitation to call on a young lady, whom he had saved from being run over by a cab, and her brother, at their apartments on West Forty-fifth street, he put on a few extra frills the following evening and took a Third avenue train up to East Forty-second street.

The shuttle train took him up Forty-second street as far as the Grand Central depot, and he walked the rest of the way.

The St. Lucas was a first-class apartment house, with an elevator and a hallboy in uniform.

The boy, who was colored, ran the elevator whenever anybody wanted to go up or come down.

Dan being a stranger to the hallboy, he asked him who he came to see.

"Miss Hilton," replied Dan.

"Third floor," said the boy; "get in the elevator."

Dan got in and was speedily carried up to the floor in question.

The boy pushed the button at the only door and waited to see that the visitor was admitted.

Clara Hilton was looking for Dan to call, though she was not sure he would, and she had put on a few extra frills herself for his benefit.

When the bell rang she went to the door.

"Why, Mr. Tucker. Come right in. I'm awfully glad to see you," she said, holding out her hand in welcome.

Dan thought she looked twice as pretty as the afternoon before, and he was quite overpowered by the great difference between her and the stenographer girls he saw every day on his way downtown to work.

She was clearly a superior being, and Danny hardly knew how to deport himself in her presence.

The young lady, with quick perception, saw that he acted bashful, so she tried to put him at his ease.

She led Dan along the private hall to the parlor, and pointing to a sofa sat down beside him.

In the course of fifteen minutes Dan, though somewhat awed by the style around him, began to feel on quite an easy footing with the young lady.

Then she excused herself and left the room.

In a few minutes she returned with a good-looking fellow of about twenty-one, whom she introduced to Dan as her brother.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Tucker," said Hilton. "Allow me to thank you for saving my sister from being run over yesterday afternoon. I assure you neither of us will ever forget the obligation."

Dan told him that he was glad to have been of service to his sister.

"I understand that you are employed in Wall Street," said Hilton.

"That's right," nodded Dan.

"What do you do, generally speaking?"

Dan explained his duties.

"Know a firm called Green & Hawke?"

"Very well," replied Dan, now certain that this was Harry Hilton.

"They did business for my father, who was a successful speculator on the market, or rather Mr. Green did, for Hawke only became his partner a short time before my father died. I understand that the firm is thoroughly reliable?"

"That is their reputation, I guess; but they were hit hard in the recent slump in Iron Mountain, in which they were heavily interested."

"Indeed," said Hilton, with a look of concern, while his sister suddenly became grave. "You are sure of that?"

"Yes, because my boss, Mr. Carson, made a lot of money out of them. I believe they had to sell all their securities in order to save themselves from going to the wall."

"Their own securities, of course, you mean?"

"I have an idea, though I am not sure, that they sold \$100,000 worth of bonds belonging to a young man who was soon coming of age and which had been left with them in trust to collect the interest on."

"Oh!" cried Miss Hilton, turning white, and looking as if she was going to faint, while Hilton himself uttered an ejaculation of consternation.

"Where did you get this information from?" he said, anxiously.

"Is your name Harry Hilton?"

"It is."

"Are you almost twenty-one?"

"I will be to-morrow."

"Then I guess those bonds belonged to you."

"You haven't answered my question."

"I will do so now. I wanted to make sure of your identity. I got the information in a way you will probably not approve of, for I got it by listening to a private conversation between Mr. Green and his partner in their own office. It came about by accident, and I wouldn't have been guilty of such a mean thing were it not for the crooked nature of the talk. I deemed it my duty to find out what their game was, for I thought I might be able to find out who Harry Hilton was and warn him of what was on the books. I'm afraid as far as that goes I am too late now. The bonds have probably been sold. However, I dare say the firm will make it all right with you when they get on their feet again, only you'll have to wait."

Dan then told the brother and sister everything that happened to him in the office of Green & Hawke the day he fell asleep there in the easy chair.

"I don't know what you think of me for acting the part of a listener, but I meant well, and had I been able to meet you at the time I would have put you wise to the scheme. Mr. Green was not in favor of it, but Mr. Hawke insisted on putting it through, for he said it was the only chance they had to save themselves," said Dan.

"We have no fault to find with you, Tucker. I think you acted right under the circumstances. The plan the gentleman discussed was one which deserved to be exposed. This is a very serious thing for my sister and myself. She is entitled



to one-third of the value of the bonds in which our father invested most of his money shortly before his unexpected death. My father had a great deal of confidence in Mr. Green. He left the bonds with his firm as a sort of trust fund for my sister and myself, the same to be turned over to me on my twenty-first birthday. I then become a trustee of my sister's share, and her guardians till her eighteenth birthday, though I am not bound to turn her share over to her until she is twenty-one. If Green & Hawke have sold the bonds, on their own responsibility, they are not only liable to a civil suit, but to criminal proceedings for having appropriated what did not belong to them. I shall call on the firm to-morrow morning, which was my intention, anyway, and ask for the bonds. If they try to put me off I shall understand the reason and proceed accordingly. I thank you for having told me the truth, and will regard your revelation as confidential."

"I hope you will, for I don't want to get into trouble over it," said Dan.

"Your name will be kept out of the matter, I promise you. Green & Hawke will have to make good, or furnish some assurance that they will do so within a reasonable time. I shall stand no nonsense. The amount at stake is too large."

That was the end of the subject, but Clara Hilton and her brother was rather sober during the rest of the evening, though they did their best to appear cheerful and entertain their guest.

When Dan rose to go he was cordially invited to call again soon, which he promised to do.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ABDUCTED FROM WALL STREET.

Harry Hilton called on Green & Hawke next morning, and he was in a very determined mood.

The mere suspicion of crookedness on the part of the firm which he had regarded as thoroughly reliable made him mad.

He was expected and was shown into Mr. Hawke's private room, Mr. Green being away at the Exchange.

Hilton wanted to see Mr. Green, but he found he couldn't then.

Rather than delay the matter he decided to have it out with Mr. Hawke first.

Hawke received him in a cordial way, and after a brief talk on foreign things said that he presumed Hilton came after his bonds.

The young man said he did.

Hawke then told him that owing to a sudden crisis in the affairs of the firm that they had taken the liberty to use the bonds, but it would be all right.

"We are responsible, Hilton, so you need not be worried over the matter. Give us a little time and you shall have your bonds, with full interest," he said.

"That's all right," said Hilton, "but you had no right to dispose of the bonds without consulting with me."

"We had to act on the spur of the moment."

"Then you would have failed if you had not appropriated my property?"

"Hum! I admit we would have been in danger of it."

"Your critical financial condition had nothing to do with me."

"Of course not, but Mr. Green thought that, considering the confidence your father had in him, you would not make a fuss, but be willing to help us out."

"But I understand Mr. Green was not in favor of using the bonds, but yielded to your insistence?"

"What's that?" said Hawke, quickly. "Have you seen Mr. Green?"

"I have not."

"Then on what ground do you make that statement?"

Hilton saw he had said too much and proceeded to hedge, but Hawke was sharp enough to see that he had received some information, and he wondered where he got it.

He tried to find out, but Hilton was on his guard and parried his questions.

"What are you going to do about those bonds, Mr. Hawke?" said the young man.

Hawke made a proposition.

Hilton was to release the firm from the responsibility it had assumed without authority, and accept a note, without endorsement, to run six months, for the value of the bonds plus a bonus of \$1,000, the firm to pay the interest as it accrued as they had heretofore done.

The young man was quick to see the joker that would save the partners from criminal proceedings, but he was willing

to concede the point if Green & Hawke would give him a note with two responsible endorsers.

That would make the note reasonably safe and practically assure him of his financial rights.

It was the only kind of a note that a sensible person would take, since the firm itself was not to be relied upon.

As Green & Hawke were known to have lost heavily in the Iron Mountain slump, and the Street believed they had weathered the crisis with difficulty, they could not secure endorsers to such a large note.

So Hawke explained that the young man would have to be content with the firm's note unsecured.

This Hilton declined to accept.

"Then what are you going to do?" said Hawke.

"See a lawyer about the matter," said Hilton, flatly.

Hawke saw he meant business so he shrugged his shoulders.

"Give us a few days, at any rate, to see if we can make a more satisfactory arrangement," he said. "You will not get your money any quicker by pushing us to the wall. In fact, as the case stands, if you expose us, and force us into liquidation, you won't get ten cents on the dollar."

"Perhaps not, but you gentlemen will both go to Sing Sing."

"That might afford you some satisfaction," said Hawke, coolly; "but the pleasure would cost you a high price. I should fancy that a fair compromise would be the most advisable course for you to pursue."

"The compromise you offer robs me of the club I have over you, and does not make an ultimate settlement any more certain," said Hilton.

"I differ with you on the second part of your remark. If you sign this paper I have prepared you will ultimately get all your money back."

"I have only your word for that."

"You have the word of the firm."

"But the firm is no longer stable. If I sign that paper, and you fail to-morrow, I will simply come in with the other creditors, and take my chances of getting anything at all."

"No fear of the firm failing, young man. We used your bonds to prevent that. In six months you will get your money, or the greater part of it."

"If you are so confident you ought to be able to furnish me a guarantee."

"You will have to be satisfied with our word."

"Well, there is no use of us continuing this discussion. I shall seek legal advice and act upon it."

"But I have asked you to hold off for a week. Perhaps we may be able to come to a better understanding."

"I shall see a lawyer at once unless you can show me that you will be able to do something in a week."

"Come in Wednesday and probably I will be able to supply the guarantee you insist on. If I fail you can then consult a lawyer. I don't wish the facts to get into the possession of a third party if I can help it."

"Very well, I will postpone any action until Wednesday," said Hilton, getting up and taking his hat.

A glint of satisfaction flashed from Hawke's eyes.

"Good-morning," said Hilton, taking his leave.

The broker watched him go.

"You will not be here Wednesday," said Hawke to himself. "Shabner will attend to your case. You will be lucky if you ever see Wall Street again."

With those words he went on with the business he had in hand.

When he had finished it he sat back in his chair and began to think.

"He said Green was not in favor of the firm using his bonds," mused Hawke. "But yielded at my insistence. How could he know that unless somebody who overheard our talk told him? Who could have overheard us? Nobody except that young kid of Carson's we discovered asleep, or playing possum, in the arm-chair. I suspected he knew more than we could get him to admit; now I am sure of it. When Hilton came in his manner impressed me with the conviction that he was not wholly ignorant about what he had done with the bonds. At any rate, he gave himself away, and then tried to cover up the slip. I am satisfied that the kid heard the whole conversation. That makes him a menace to us. I think Shabner will have to attend to his case, too."

When Green came in around noon, Hawke told him that his interview with Hilton had not been satisfactory, but that the young man had consented to hold off for a few days.

"He will sign the paper if we can furnish a guarantee," he said.

"I am afraid it will be impossible for us to do that."

"Well, don't worry. I may get around it. In the meanwhile



we have a week to do something," said Hawke, who then changed the subject.

He said nothing to his partner about young Dan Tucker, nor about his intentions toward Hilton.

He felt that where crooked work was concerned, the less Green knew the better.

His partner was too squeamish to be taken into his confidence in any kind of shady work.

In the meanwhile Dan Tucker was attending to his business as usual.

Several times that day he thought about the interview Hilton had told him he was going to have with Green & Hawke that morning, and he wondered how it came out.

He was curious to learn if Hawke had really sold the young man's bonds.

He would have to wait for the information until he saw Hilton again.

That day his O. & G. stock advanced three points.

On the following day it went up two more.

That was fine in two days.

He was figuring on landing another \$2,000 profit when he overheard two well-known brokers talking about the stock.

What they said indicated a speedy drop instead of a further advance.

Dan decided that they ought to know what they were talking about, so he hurried to the little bank and ordered his deal closed out at the market.

It was a lucky move on his part, for next day the price dropped six points.

Dan, however, figured that he had made \$1,000 by taking time by the forelock.

He had hardly got his money back in the safe deposit box where he kept it than he overheard a big copper speculator tell Mr. Carson that a raise in copper was coming in a few days, and he couldn't do better than buy North Dakota at the present market and hold it till it touched 20, with a probability that it would go to 25 or even higher.

Dan looked up North Dakota Copper and found it was ruling at \$4, a very low figure for the stock, which usually sold around \$7.

He lost no time in going to the little bank and leaving an order for 1,000 shares, which he bought outright.

That afternoon when he left the office enroute for home about four o'clock, he saw an ambulance wagon standing in front of the building.

Standing at the doorway talking were brokers Green and Hawke.

The latter turned and motioned to a man in cap and undress uniform, at the same time pointing at Little Dan.

Quick as a wink the man who posed as the ambulance surgeon seized little Dan Tucker in his arms and lifted him, struggling, into the vehicle.

The bystanders looked on with astonishment, while the two brokers stood ready to prevent interference.

The ambulance immediately drove up Wall Street, with bell clanging, and the driver urging the horse at a good gait.

"What's the trouble with the boy?" a spectator asked Hawke.

"He's crazy. Escaped from the Bellevue inspection ward this morning, and has been running loose ever since," replied the broker, starting for his office, where Green had already gone.

The ambulance rattled up Broadway.

As it passed the corner of Vesey street, Mrs. Tucker looked at it and wondered what unfortunate was in it bound for the hospital.

"Sure, it must be a serious case from the hurry they're in," she said.

Ah, if she had known the truth, what a scene she would have raised.

Inside the vehicle, stretched out motionless on the board, little Dan lay dead to the world for the time being, for he had been quickly drugged.

At Chambers street the ambulance turned to the right till it reached Park Row, up which narrow thoroughfare it turned for the Gridiron, Shabner's notorious East Side resort.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A BREAK FOR FREEDOM.

When Dan came to his senses he found himself in a dark, foul-smelling place.

He remembered at once what had happened to him, but could not account for the outrage having been pulled off on him.

It was a daring piece of rascality, but he could see no sense in it.

He guessed some mistake had been made in his identity.

He was satisfied that he had not been taken to a hospital, notwithstanding that a real ambulance had been used to abduct him in.

He was curious to learn the meaning of it all.

He was not bound and was lying on a pile of gunny sacks.

Getting up, he started to examine the place he was in.

After taking two steps he felt his progress suddenly arrested.

He soon ascertained that a stout leather belt encircled his waist to which was attached behind a light but stout chain.

The chain was riveted to a piece of iron in the stone wall.

That settled the question of his being a prisoner.

Matters looked decidedly serious to the Wall Street boy.

Feeling in his pockets he found his matchesafe and struck a light.

The glow of the match disclosed to him the size and general character of the place he was in.

It was a roomy stone cell, the floor and ceiling of which were of wood.

There was absolutely nothing in it but the pile of gunny sacks, a plate of meat sandwiches and a cracked jug of water.

The door looked to be of iron, but it wasn't.

It was a stout wooden one, covered on both sides with sheet iron.

It had a handle, but the inner knob was missing.

The place was dirty, for it had not been cleaned out for years, and the smell was by no means pleasant; but Dan was accustomed to many unpleasant tenement-house smells, and did not mind this particular combination of odors as much as a person used to the best sanitary conditions.

The prisoner could either sit or lie down on the bags, or walk around a limited area.

As for escape, the chances did not look very bright.

How long he had been unconscious Dan could not even guess.

All he knew was that he had left the office at ten minutes of four, and that five minutes later he was captured in front of the building.

He had been under the influence of the drug six hours, for it was now ten o'clock in the evening.

His mother was in a great sweat over his unexplained absence.

When she got home she found the place dark, the stove without a glimmer of fire in it, and no indications that her son had been there since he went away that morning.

This was something unusual, and Mrs. Tucker didn't know what to make out of it.

She felt that an explanation was due from Dan, though she did not doubt that it would be satisfactory.

The boy was too well broken to harness to do anything that wasn't regular.

The conclusion she reached was that he had been sent by his employer on some particular errand after office hours, so she started in to make supper, expecting he would pop in at any moment, but time passed and he didn't come, and finally she began to worry over him.

Her next door neighbor came in for a chat, and soon learned what was troubling her.

She remained an hour, and when she went away at ten o'clock Dan was still unaccounted for.

Midnight came without a sign from the boy, and Mrs. Tucker couldn't go to bed.

She finally fell asleep in her chair and slept till daylight.

The clock pointed at six, and morning was on, but Dan had not come.

Mrs. Tucker couldn't stand the suspense any longer, so she started for the police station, where she told her trouble to the man at the desk.

He asked her some questions, took her statement down in the book, and promised her the police would look into the matter.

So many persons are daily reported as missing, most of whom turn up all right shortly afterward, that the police take little interest in such things until they become serious.

Therefore nothing was done about Little Dan.

Mrs. Tucker didn't go to her business that morning, and was missed by her customers.

At half-past nine she got the clerk of a drugstore to look up the call of Broker Carson and 'phone the office.

The answer he got was that Dan Tucker had not turned up at the office that morning, and the cashier would like to know the cause of his absence.

That was the last straw with the worried mother.



She was sure something had happened to her Dan. The clerk suggested that she telephone or visit Police Headquarters.

She decided to go personally, and did.

She was told that an effort would be made to find her son, who might have met with an accident and been taken to some hospital.

Her name and address were taken and she was advised to go home and await results.

Mrs. Tucker wasn't the only one connected with this story who had similar cause for worry.

Clara Hilton was anxiously looking for her brother, who had gone out to see a friend two nights before and had not returned.

This was Thursday morning, and no word had come from him.

To return to Dan.

He passed the long night without seeing a soul.

He heard noises and the tramping of feet above his head as long as he remained awake.

When he woke in the morning all was silent.

He could not tell that it was morning, for not a ray of daylight penetrated his cell, or the cellar, for that matter, where the cell was.

He had eaten the sandwiches and drunk the water during the night, because hunger induced him to do so.

Along about nine the door of his den was opened and a tough-looking young fellow, with a lamp and a small tray, appeared.

The tray held a cup of coffee, not very hot, some buttered bread, and a piece of cheap steak.

He put it down on the floor and picked up the jug and the empty plate.

"Say, do you know why I've been brought here?" asked Dan.

"Nope."

"What place is this, anyway?"

"Don't know nothin' about it."

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"I tell yer I don't know nothin'."

"There's some mistake about this matter. No one has any reason for treating me this way. I've been taken for some one else."

"I ain't got nothin' to do wit' it. The boss will attend to yer when he gets ready."

The tough passed out through the door, closed and locked it, and Dan was left alone once more in the dark.

He struck a match, looked at the food, and, being hungry, ate it.

Nobody came near him again until about five o'clock, when a similar lay-out was fetched by another tough, who also refused to talk to him.

By that time Dan was feeling rather desperate.

He was still in the dark respecting the reason for his abduction.

He thought it about time that some one turned up to enlighten him on the subject.

Time passed and no one came.

In desperation he tugged at his chain, as a vicious dog might do, to escape from the bond that held him.

Suddenly there was a snap and he pitched forward, landing on his hands and knees close to the door.

He picked himself up, struck a match and examined the door.

He soon realized that escape was not possible in that direction.

As the walls were built of stone, the door was the only outlet, and so freedom appeared to be just as far away as before his chain snapped.

Certainly the prospect was disheartening.

He sat down on the bags to think it over.

An hour passed and then the door was opened and two toughs appeared, one of them holding a candle.

When he heard the bolt shooting back, Dan grabbed the cup and held it behind him, at the same time shoving the broken end of the chain between the belt and his jacket.

"Come, young feller, stand up," said one of the visitors.

"What for?" asked Dan.

"Never mind. Get up."

Dan rose to his feet.

"Step out as far as the chain will let yer," said the chap, taking a key out of his pocket, the purpose of which was to unlock the belt. "Got the handcuffs ready?" he asked his companion.

"Yep," replied that worthy.

"Hold out your hands," said the first speaker to Dan.

"What are you going to do?" said the boy.

"Never mind. Out with yer hands and hold your wrists together."

Dan was thinking rapidly with his eye cocked on the partly open door.

Suddenly he swung his right arm forward and let the cup go within a foot of the last speaker's head.

The cup caught him on the corner of his chin, and he went down and out as though hit by a heavy club.

Then Dan sprang at the other, the chain slipping from the belt, and struck him as hard as he could on the chin.

Down he went, too, and the candle with him.

Dan jumped on him and pounded the dazed tough into unconsciousness.

He picked up the still burning candle and looked at them.

The first chap looked like a dead one, the other temporarily done up.

Dan picked a red handkerchief out of the latter's hip pocket and bound his hands behind his back.

He took the key from the floor and relieved himself of the belt.

Then he walked out of the cell, and closing the door shot the heavy bolt into place, making prisoners of the rascals.

Dan saw he was in the cellar of a building, and the next thing was to escape from that, reach the street, take a note of the house and go to the nearest police station and report what had happened to him.

## CHAPTER IX.

### DAN SAVES HARRY HILTON.

The candle threw out such a poor light that Dan had some difficulty in finding an outlet from the cellar.

As a matter of fact, there were half a dozen outlets leading in different directions, made for the convenience of crooks to get away in the event that the gambling rooms above were raided.

The house itself fronted on a certain street, and outwardly presented the appearance of an ordinary large saloon on the ground floor, provided with round tables and the usual bar, and upstairs a cheap hotel.

A stout door, always locked, at the back of the saloon, afforded the only entrance to the gambling rooms in the rear.

Known habitués went to the door, pushed a secret button and were admitted.

A man sat not far from the door and scanned every comer.

The moment a person who did not meet his approval approached the door he pushed a button within reach of his arm, and a gong rang inside.

That was an alarm signal, and no attention was paid to the party if he found the button and pushed it.

In case of a raid the gong rang twice.

Instantly all gambling was suspended and the apparatus concealed.

Those who had special reasons for fearing the police made a break for the cellar and got away.

The rest remained in their places, drinking, smoking and talking.

Then the door was unlocked and the detectives permitted to enter unrestricted.

Dan, while looking for an exit, came to a bolted door and opened it to see where it led to.

He found a cell similar to the one he had just escaped from. It had an occupant.

Flashing the light upon the person, who had started up at his coming, Dan was amazed to recognize Harry Hilton.

"Is this you, Hilton?" he asked.

"What! you, Tucker!" cried the young man, equally astonished, as the light of the candle revealed Dan's identity to him.

"Yes. How did you come here?"

"I was attacked on the street two nights ago as I was returning to the apartment house, forced into a cab and drugged. When I recovered my senses I found myself here. Did you come here hunting for me?"

"No. I was abducted myself right in Wall Street yesterday afternoon and brought here, after having been drugged, too. I have just escaped from the cell, similar to this, I was put in. I will tell you all about it later. Are you bound to the wall with a belt and chain?"

"Come closer and you will see that I am. It is impossible



for you to save me, so you must hurry to the police and bring them to my rescue."

"Wait till I see if the key I have will release you."

Dan tried it on Hilton's belt, found it fitted the small lock, and set the young man free.

"Good! Now to reach the street and escape," said Hilton.

When he and Dan left the cell, the boy bolted the door as before.

They presently found the stairs leading to the floor above.

Ascending them, they came to a door which Dan cautiously opened a little.

The room beyond held a score of young crooks and toughs, drinking, smoking and gambling.

Most of them were seated at tables, playing cards, but near the door Dan peered through were two who were using an imported bagatelle table.

As there was no escape in that direction, Dan shut the door.

They went to the end of the passage, and Dan tried a door there.

It led into the house fronting on the next street.

But first they had to pass through a dimly lighted covered way, which crossed the yard.

They came to a door.

This was secured by three bolts and a chain.

Dan let down the chair and drew the bolts.

Then the door opened and they passed through into a carpeted passage which was well lighted.

Several doors opened off this passage.

All but one had dark fanlights; that one was lighted up, and they heard voices inside.

Dan had a curiosity to peek through the keyhole.

He saw a well-furnished small room, with a table at which two well-dressed men were seated drinking and smoking.

One of them the boy recognized as Broker Hawke, the other he did not know, but we will introduce him as Moe Shabner.

In an instant it occurred to Dan that he and Hilton owed their abduction to Hawke.

"Look through the keyhole and you will see a man you know," he whispered to his companion.

Hilton looked and was somewhat staggered when he saw the broker.

He put his ear to the keyhole and listened a few minutes.

He heard enough to convince him that Hawke was at the bottom of his trouble and Dan's as well.

Hawke was arranging with Shabner to have him and Dan shanghaied aboard some vessel bound for a foreign port.

His purpose was to revenge himself on the boy, whom he was convinced had warned Hilton, and to get Hilton himself out of the way, for his plan embraced the disappearance of both at sea in some apparently accidental manner, for which accommodation he was willing to pay well.

Hilton would have liked to have heard more, but time was precious, and he and Dan were eager to effect their escape, which might be frustrated at any moment by the appearance of employees of the house on the scene.

They reached the street door at last, but were suddenly confronted by the man in charge of the door.

"Who are you?" he asked, not recognizing them. "Where did you come from?"

"From the other building. We were told to go out this way," said Dan.

"Who told you?"

That was a sticker for the escaping pair, and the man, being far from satisfied, reached for a push-button.

Before he could touch it Dan struck him in the face and knocked him aside.

Hilton pitched in, and they soon had the fellow gagged and his hands bound.

Then Dan undid the chain, unbolted the door, and they stepped out on a low stoop, three steps higher.

Several tough-looking men in the immediate vicinity saw them come out, but as they wisely took things easy, they excited no particular suspicion.

They walked to the nearest corner, and turned up the street, the name of which was on the lamp-post, and Dan saw they were not far from East Fourteenth street.

In a few minutes they came out on First avenue.

Dan knew there was a police station below Seventh street, so they turned down that way.

After walking a few blocks they saw the green light over the entrance, and went in.

They told their stories to the man at the desk.

The captain happened to be in his room, and they were sent in to him.

That afternoon word had come there from Headquarters to

keep a watch out for one Harry Hilton, reported missing, whose description was furnished.

The captain called up a squad of detectives and sent them to the building from which Dan and Hilton had finally escaped, with orders to arrest Hawke and the man he was with.

Dan and his companion were temporarily detained, but the latter was allowed to go to a nearby drugstore to telephone his sister.

The officers did not find the door open as Dan and Hilton left it, and no attention was paid to their demands for admittance until the cops started to break in, then the door was opened and they got in, but by that time their birds had flown, and the expedition amounted to nothing.

Later, however, Hawke was arrested at his bachelor apartments, and spent the night in a cell.

Dan got home around midnight and found his mother in great distress over his disappearance.

She welcomed him as one almost back from the dead.

"For the love hiven where have yez been, Danny? Sure, it's meself that has been worried to death over ye. I know somethin' happened to yez, for whin I telyphoned yer office not a soul there knew wan thing about ye. Now tell yer mother all about it, for it's dyin' wid curiosity I am to know the mystery of it," said Mrs. Tucker.

"Well, to begin with, I was abducted from Wall Street yesterday afternoon in broad daylight, when I left the office for home at four o'clock in the afternoon," began Dan.

"Abdocted, is it? For hivin's sake, is that a fact?"

"Yes. I was carried off in an ambulance."

"An ambulance! I saw one driven up Broadway like mad yesterday afternoon about four, and I wondered who had met wid an accident. Were yez in that?"

"I don't know, mother. I have no idea what direction the vehicle went in, for I was held down and drugged with some kind of a preparation in a handkerchief which had the smell of over-ripe fruit. When I came to my senses I found myself in a small stone cell, fastened to one of the walls by a belt around my waist and a small iron chain."

Mrs. Tucker held up her hands.

"Why were yez carried off and put in that place? Was it some frinds of Cris Bocker that done it to make yez let up on him?"

"No, mother, some other motive was at the back of the business."

"What other motive, faith?"

"That will be shown up in court if the police get the men."

"Well, go on wid yer story."

Dan told his mother all about his experience, and also how he had rescued Harry Hilton from a similar predicament.

"Hilton and his sister were the people I called on last Sunday evening uptown," explained Dan.

"And how came he to be in trouble, too?"

"It's something of a story. You see he's worth \$100,000 or more."

"A hundred thousand! It's wealthy he is."

"Part of that money is coming to his sister when she becomes of age. It was left to them by their father, who made it speculating in Wall Street stocks. It was invested in gilt-edge bonds, that were desposited with the brokerage firm of Green & Hawke, to hold and collect the semi-annual interest on till Hilton became of age, which he did on Monday."

Dan then went on to tell his mother how Green & Hawke, being caught in a sudden slump of Iron Mountain stock, in which they were heavily interested, used Hilton's bonds to save themselves from failing.

"They had no right to take his property and sell it without his permission," said Dan.

"I should think not," responded his mother. "What did he do about it?"

"He made a row and threatened to prosecute them if they did not make a satisfactory settlement. To prevent him from carrying out his purpose Hawke had him abducted and hid down in that cell, intending to have him sent to sea and done away with."

"What a villain that Hawke must be!"

"Now, mother, I'll tell you why I was abducted, too. Hawke meant to send me to sea with Hilton, and had he succeeded you might never have learned what became of me."

"Wurra, wurra! Is that so? What did yez do to Hawke that made him think of tratin' yez that way?"

Dan told her about what he heard in Green & Hawke's office the day our story opens.

"And ye niver told me about that before," said his mother.

"I thought it best to keep it to myself. Hawke must have suspected me in spite of the bluff I put up, or else Hilton let



out something at his interview with Hawke which put that gentleman wise. At any rate, he considered me dangerous to the interests of the firm, and included me in his scheme to hush up their piece of rascality. Now you have the whole story, and I guess we'd better go to bed, for it's after one o'clock."

"And have yez had that Hawke arristed?" asked his mother.

"The police are after him. They failed to get him at the house Hilton and I escaped from, but they'll get him at his apartments, if he goes there."

"I hope ye two will put him through."

"I won't be able to prove anything against him, nor do I think Hilton can show that he caused him to be abducted; but Hilton has the whip hand over him and his partner just the same on account of their unwarranted appropriation of the bonds. He can send them both to Sing Sing on that count."

"And will he get his money back?"

"I couldn't tell you, mother. That's a matter for the law to settle. Now let's turn in," and they did.

## CHAPTER XI.

### GREEN & HAWKE MAKE A SETTLEMENT.

Dan appeared on time at the office next morning and told the cashier, when he came in, that he would explain the reason of his absence, which was unavoidable and due to a cause over which he had had no control, to Mr. Carson when that gentleman appeared.

As Dan stood high in the office, the cashier let it go at that.

The morning papers had noticed the arrest of Howard Hawke, a stock-broker, of the firm of Green & Hawke, on the alleged charge of abduction, the facts whereof had not been given to the press.

Mr. Hawke, not being able to reach his lawyer, or his partner, had been obliged to remain all night in a cell, and would be brought up that morning in the Tombs Police Court for a preliminary hearing.

When Broker Carson reached the office, Dan went in to see him.

He told the facts concerning his abduction in the ambulance, and concerning his stay in the stone cell in the building on — street, which the captain of the police station had told him was a notorious resort for crooks.

Mr. Carson expressed his surprise at the happening, and asked Dan if he had any idea why he had been carried off.

Dan told him the full story of what he had overheard that day he was sent with a rush message to the office of Green & Hawke, and had not turned up for a matter of two hours.

He said the facts were borne out by a subsequent interview he had had with Harry Hilton at his apartments, where he called at the request of the young man's sister, whose life he had saved from a cab at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street, the day previous.

Mr. Carson was still more surprised on learning this alleged crookedness on the part of Green & Hawke.

He was inclined to believe that it was true, for he never questioned Dan's veracity, and the after facts appeared to bear him out.

"You believe that Hawke abducted both Hilton and yourself, and intended to send you off to sea?"

"I saw Hawke and another man talking in a little room off the hall in the house we escaped through, but I did not hear what they said. Hilton looked through the keyhole after me, put his ear to it and afterward told me that Hawke was planning to send us both to sea and have us done away with by accident," said Dan.

"I can hardly credit such a piece of rascality on his part," said the broker; "but it must be true if young Hilton heard the statement from his lips. On that assumption Hawke, of course, was behind the abduction of both of you. The question is how are you going to prove it? As long as you did not hear what Hilton says he did, his testimony will lack corroboration, and will hardly amount to anything in court. He has been arrested on the charge of abduction, I see. He is bound to be discharged unless the police can connect him with the case. Hilton should have charged him with unlawful appropriation of his bonds, and have included Green in the charge. This I presume he will do as soon as he has consulted with a lawyer. If Green & Hawke have actually sold those bonds, and can't show authority for the act, they will be held easily enough, and doubtless convicted if brought to trial. The trouble will be then for Hilton to recover the value of his property. It

seems to me that a compromise had better be effected by the young man."

"That's what he is after, but the proposal offered by Hawke was not satisfactory to him. If the firm will furnish a guarantee, Hilton will not prosecute. He's not going to push the abduction charge. The police made that on the strength of our stories. He is going to see a lawyer this morning and open negotiations toward a satisfactory agreement about the value of the bonds."

"That's a good idea. You are not going to court yourself, then?"

"No. We can't make a case against Hawke, so what's the use?"

Mr. Carson nodded and Dan left the room.

Green was at the court with a lawyer when his partner was called to the bar, but as neither Hilton nor Dan were present to prosecute, he was discharged from custody and he and Green returned to their office.

When his business associates asked him about his arrest, and wanted to know who he had abducted, if it was a single young lady or a married woman, he treated the matter as a joke, and assured them there was nothing in it.

During the afternoon Hilton and a prominent lawyer called on Green & Hawke.

Hawke received them, but at the lawyer's request Green was sent for.

When Green arrived the lawyer stated the facts of the case as he understood them, and asked that the bonds be produced.

The brokers confessed that they could not produce them.

"Am I to understand that you have made use of them for your own benefit, without my client's sanction?" said the lawyer.

The firm reluctantly admitted they had, and explained the reason.

"The reason has no bearing on the case at all. You have sold the bonds without authorization, which of itself makes you legally responsible for the value of the bonds at their highest market value. By using the money which did not belong to you you have individually laid yourselves liable to criminal proceedings. My client is willing to waive that question if you will furnish satisfactory assurance that you will repay him the full sum with interest within a reasonable time. His proposition is \$10,000 in cash at once; \$15,000 in three months, and the balance, to run a year, if necessary, on a secured note, at six per cent. interest."

"The alternative is prosecution, I suppose?" said Hawke. "In which case your client can expect to receive little else than satisfaction."

"I should like to have your answer," said the lawyer.

"You will permit my partner and myself to talk it over for a few minutes in his room?" said Hawke.

"Certainly."

The two brokers adjourned to the other room to consider the situation.

In ten minutes they returned.

"We agree to the proposition, with this exception; it will be impossible for us just now to furnish a secured note for \$75,000," said Hawke.

"An unsecured note is of no value in your present financial condition," replied the lawyer.

"True, it is not worth much, but we honestly expect to make good."

"Your reliability is subject to suspicion in the light of the rascally acts alleged to have been committed by you against my client and an office boy named Dan Tucker. I refer to their abduction and detection in the cellar of the Gridiron."

"We deny any complicity in that affair," said Hawke, coolly.

"I know you are guilty, Mr. Hawke," burst out Hilton, "for I overheard a part of your talk with another man in the house at the rear of the Gridiron last night."

"If you can prove your statement, why didn't you press the charge in court this morning?"

"Unfortunately I can't prove it, but it is a fact, nevertheless."

"There is no use of discussing the matter," interposed the lawyer. "We are not dealing with the matter as a fact, but as an inference. It is possible that if a detective were put on the case he might develop evidence. We did not call about that business, but about the matter of the bonds in which you can offer no defence that I can see if brought to book. My client's claim must be secured in some reasonable way. That's both business and common sense."

"If we are allowed to go on, without any suspicion of unfair business methods being attached to the firm, I venture to say that inside of six months we will be able to pay half the money, and furnish an endorsed note for the balance. At present we



are under a cloud because the Street is aware that we have lost heavily on Iron Mountain, and we could not find any one who would run the risk of indorsing a note of us for any large sum," said Hawke.

"Mr. Green, I believe you own your home on Seventy-second street?" said the lawyer.

"Yes."

"As far as I have been able to find out on short notice it is unincumbered. It is worth, I should judge, \$50,000 to \$60,000. If you will individually transfer that property to my client, as security for the note of \$75,000, and the firm will fulfil the other terms of our proposition, we will consent to a settlement on that basis."

"I agree," said Green, before his partner could speak.

"Very well. I have the paper with me already prepared for your signature. Call in your cashier and sign it in his presence as a witness."

The lawyer had clearly prepared himself to meet all emergencies.

He gave the brokers no time to recede, if they wished to afterwards.

The paper was signed and witnessed by the cashier, and also by Hawke.

The note for \$75,000 had also been prepared in advance, and Green signed it in the firm name.

A second note for \$15,000, payable in ninety days, was also signed by Green.

A check for \$10,000, sent out for certification, was then handed to the lawyer.

That settled the proceedings, and Hilton and his lawyer took their leave.

A quarter of four that afternoon Hilton called on Dan, who was waiting for him according to arrangement.

"I have effected a settlement with Green & Hawke," said Hilton, "and I guess there will be no further trouble."

"That's fine," said Dan. "I was afraid you would have to prosecute them. In that case you would have stood the chance of losing nearly all your money."

"I have received \$10,000 in cash; an unsecured three months' note for \$15,000 and a note running twelve months for the balance, secured by property estimated to be worth between fifty and sixty thousand. I have done better than I expected."

"I congratulate you," said Dan, "and I think Green & Hawke got off easy."

"Green is all right, but I didn't trust Hawke for a cent. His scoundrelly attempt to do us both up deserves punishment, but he is likely to escape. However, I have hired the Pinkerton Agency to find out, if possible, evidence against him. I think it advisable to have a club over him in case of a possible emergency."

"That's a good idea," nodded Dan.

"Now, Tucker, I haven't expressed the gratitude I feel towards you for saving me from the scheme of that rascal, but I do so now. My sister knows what you did for me, and she is as grateful to you as I am. I sha'n't forget the service. Some day I hope to do you a favor that will partially cancel the obligation."

"You are welcome to all I did. I only discovered your presence in that cellar by accident, and then it became my duty to save you. All I ask in return is the friendship of yourself and your sister."

"It is yours, my dear fellow. Come up and see us as soon as you can. When shall we expect you?"

"How will next Sunday evening do?"

"First rate. I will tell my sister that she may look for you then."

By that time they had reached City Hall Park, and there they parted, Hilton going over to Broadway for a car, and Dan going on up Park Row, his usual route.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DAN MAKES A BIG HAUL IN COPPER.

Nothing happened in North Dakota Copper till Saturday, when the stock rose a point under heavy buying.

On Sunday evening Dan called on the Hiltons and received a hearty welcome.

Clara was particularly nice to him, and laid herself out to entertain him.

They had a piano, and as she could sing and play beautifully, her efforts in that direction made a hit with Dan.

He spent a much pleasanter evening than on the preceding

Sunday, when his hosts had been worried over the fate of the \$100,000 worth of bonds.

During the ensuing week North Dakota Copper kept on advancing every day, and when Saturday came around again it had reached \$8.

Dan could have cleared \$4,000 if he had sold then, but being confident that it would go higher he held on.

As he had bought the shares outright, the stock was registered in his name on the company's books.

It made him feel quite important to know that he owned 1,000 shares of the stock of a good copper mining company.

It was only a temporary satisfaction, for he did not intend to keep it.

Dan visited the Hiltons on Sunday again.

In the course of the evening Hilton told him that the Pinkerton detective had secured evidence which fully connected Broker Hawke with both of the abduction cases.

"I have got all the facts and a couple of affidavits made by two of the crooks who took part in the business," said the young man. "I don't intend to use my advantage unless I should find it necessary to bring Hawke to the realization that he is in my power. I believe he and Green mean to carry out their agreement without giving me any further trouble. Still Hawke is a shifty sort of man, so it is well to keep an anchor to the windward with such a kind of man."

Dan agreed with him.

Next morning about eleven o'clock, Broker Carson returned from the Exchange to meet a visitor with whom he was closeted for half an hour.

Just as the gentleman left another party called and asked Dan, who had just come in from an errand, if Mr. Carson was in.

"He is. Want to see him?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Thomas Norton."

"I don't remember having seen you before. Are you acquainted with Mr. Carson?"

"I can't say that I am."

"Then he will want to know your business, for he has no time to waste this morning. He is very busy."

"Just tell him that my business is very important and confidential, and that I won't detain him but a few minutes."

Dan didn't fancy the man's looks, but he saw no reason for not announcing his presence to the boss, so he told the caller to take a seat, and then went in and told Mr. Carson that a man named Thomas Norton wished to see him on important business.

"I don't know the man, but you can show him in."

Dan told the visitor to go inside, and he went.

Five minutes later Dan's buzzer went off three times.

That was a special signal to him, and the boy knew what it meant.

He turned up his chair, pulled out a short club made of hard wood and rushed into the private room.

His boss was sitting back in his chair, and the man was bending over toward him menacing him with a short bulldog revolver.

"Write me out an order on your cashier for \$1,000 in cash or I will shoot you dead and take my chances of getting away," Dan heard the man say, in a deliberate tone. "I haven't a cent in the world, and don't know where I'll get my next meal. I am desperate, and I don't care much if I take it in the station-house. I have nothing against you, but I've got to live, and I guess you can afford to—"

That was as far as he got.

He did not notice Dan's entrance, and the boy brought the club down on his head with a whack that put him to sleep good and proper, and without any unnecessary noise or fuss.

He fell on the floor with the revolver still held in his fingers.

"Don't touch him. Let him lie there," said Mr. Carson, pulling his desk phone toward him.

"Hadn't I better take the revolver out of his hand, sir?"

"No. Just keep your eye on him and your club ready in case he revives."

The broker then rang up Police Headquarters, made a brief statement of the facts, and asked that an officer be sent to take the man into custody.

Mr. Carson then turned to his desk and went on with some business, leaving Dan to stand watch over the unconscious stranger.

Inside of twenty minutes a policeman arrived, and a clerk came to the door and knocked.



"See who is there, Dan," said Broker Carson. Dan opened the door a little and saw the clerk. "There's a policeman here who says he was sent to——" "Send him in here," said Dan. "What's the trouble?" asked the clerk. "You'll have to ask Mr. Carson if you want to know. Tell the officer to walk in."

The policeman responded. Dan admitted him and shut the door. The broker pointed at the senseless man. "Take him away. The charge is attempted robbery. He tried to intimidate me with the revolver you see clutched in his fingers. My boy here came to my aid and tapped him on the head with the club. I will push the case," he said. "There is another officer in the hall. I will call him in," said the cop.

"Open that door, Dan," pointing to his private exit. As the key stood in the lock all Dan had to do was to turn it and open the door.

The policeman called in his brother officer. The weapon was taken from the stranger's hand, and the two policemen hoisted up the prisoner between them and carried him to the elevator.

They had come in a patrol wagon, and the man was carried away in it.

The presence of the policemen and the patrol wagon had created some excitement in the street.

People stopped and looked, and wondered what was up. When the unconscious man was borne out of the building and loaded on the wagon, the bystanders tried to find out what he had done.

The officers wouldn't give out any information, and so public curiosity was left unsatisfied.

Shortly afterward Mr. Carson returned to the Exchange. The office force then tried to learn from Dan what had happened, but his answer was they must apply for news to the boss as he wasn't saying anything.

That afternoon he and Mr. Carson went to the police court and testified against the man, who gave his name as Richard Smith instead of Thomas Norton.

His defense was that, rendered desperate by want of food, he had tried to make a forced loan in order to supply his needs.

When the magistrate reminded him that \$1,000 was more money than his condition called for, he said he did not know what sum he had demanded.

"I was not in my right mind," he said. "I might have asked for a million as well as any other sum."

He was held for the action of the Grand Jury, and eventually he was tried, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for two years.

On the day of the foregoing incident the Curb was the scene of considerable excitement over the general rise in copper stock, which seemed to have been started by the jump in North Dakota Copper.

That stock, of course, participated in the advance and went to \$12.

Dan thought he had better be on the safe side and sell, for he saw a profit of \$8,000 awaiting him.

Still, as the air was full of rumors of a much higher rise, he hesitated, and the day passed without him doing anything.

In fact, between attending court and minding his boss's business, he really had no opportunity to attend to his private affairs.

Next day all the copper stocks opened strong, and the advance continued all along the line.

North Dakota went up \$4 more, which meant \$4,000 more profit to Dan if he realized in time.

As three o'clock approached he tried to reach the little bank to put in his selling order, but couldn't find a chance of making the connection.

The brokerage department of the little bank kept open till four o'clock every day to receive orders, but did not undertake to execute any order received after ten minutes of three until next morning.

Dan did not have a chance to reach the bank till too late to put in his order.

Next morning he was there at a quarter of nine, and found a line before him.

As the window wouldn't be open till nine he was sure to be half an hour late at the office, so he did not wait.

At two o'clock that day his stock was up to \$20.

Coming from the Exchange, Dan rushed up to the little bank to see if he could get his order in.

He found quite a line before the window.

Feeling that he had \$16,000 profit at stake, he determined to stay till he got his order in, for he feared that a break in the boom was liable to come at any moment.

It was lucky, on the whole, that he stayed. He had no right to do it, for his time belonged to Mr. Carson, and the office was busy.

It always was, in fact, except when the market was depressed to a considerable extent.

But who won't strain a point with \$16,000 at stake? The sum represented four times the amount Dan was worth when he went into the deal.

Such luck, he argued, he was not likely to strike again.

Well, he took his place at the end of the line, which thereafter seemed to advance toward the window at such a snail pace that the excited boy believed three o'clock would come around before he was half way up, and then much might happen overnight to condense the profits he was counting on.

He could see the blackboard from his place in the line, and he kept his eyes glued to the North Dakota column.

It was still going up, a little at a time.

At half-past two, when he reached the window at last, his stock was ruling at \$21 and a fraction.

He signed the selling order, shoved it in to the margin clerk, and then made a break for the door, and a run for his office.

He had been out a long time on his last errand.

The cashier remarked that he had, but did not ask him the reason, for he did not suspect Dan of a real lapse of duty.

Dan's reputation stood by him, and so he escaped a call down, and was chased out on another errand, which he executed in record time.

In fact, for the rest of the afternoon he tried his best to recover the time he had lost by breakneck speed.

When the Curb Exchange closed down for the day, North Dakota was going at 23, so Dan felt that he had won out, and he estimated his profit at \$17,000, which proved to be pretty close to the mark when he received his statement and his check from the little bank a couple of days later.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE ANGRY BROKER.

Next morning copper began to wobble, as the whole list had gone so high as to become topheavy, and the small speculators took alarm, and to a man almost began loading up their brokers with selling orders.

Such a unanimity of action was bound to have a bad effect on the copper part of the market.

When everybody almost is selling, buyers, naturally, are scarce.

The supply far overreaching the demand, the price began to sag.

Big holders took the cue and, after a vain attempt to stem the tide, threw out their holdings.

The price dropped like a ball bouncing downstairs.

By noon a small panic was in progress, and the copper boom was completely routed.

Dan soon found out what was transpiring on the Curb, and he shook hands with himself over his luck in getting out in time.

When he called on the Hiltons the following Sunday evening, he told them, in confidence, of his run of luck in the stock market.

Both Clara and her brother were astonished.

Harry was particularly so, because he had a pretty fair idea of the risks of Wall Street speculation.

He knew that the chances against the average speculator were about ten to one, and the fact that Dan had made \$20,000 in three consecutive deals looked to him like pig luck, and we won't say but what it was, since such things haven't happened very often to small speculators during the palmiest days of Wall Street.

"So you have really won all that money?" said Hilton, with a slight ring of incredulity in his tone.

"I think I can prove it," said Dan, pulling out the little bank's statement of his copper deal and handing it to the young man.

The statement was conclusive evidence of Dan's veracity.

"Let me congratulate you, Tucker," said Hilton. "You must have been born lucky."

"I guess I was. It's better to be born lucky than rich," he laughed.

The fact that Dan was worth a lot of money for a boy, and that he had made it himself, raised him considerably in the opinion of his new friends.



Not but they thought a whole lot of him before, but success and a little money is bound to enhance one's importance in the eyes of others.

Dan passed an unusually pleasant evening, and promised to be on hand the following Sunday again.

During the following week a boom started in a railroad stock known as A. & B.

It was rumored that a syndicate was behind it, but who the members of the syndicate were no one on the outside seemed to know, though all kinds of guesses were made.

Dan heard his boss tell one of his customers that he couldn't do better than get in on it, and hold on for a tenpoint raise.

That was enough encouragement for the boy to buy 1,000 shares on margin at the little bank at the market figure of 5. Next day A. & B. touched 76.

On Saturday morning it opened at 79, then an unexpected bear-raid was developed, and the price was driven down to 74, at which point it closed at noon.

That left Dan \$1,000 behind on his deal, but he did not worry about that, for he was sure the stock would go up again on the following week.

When he called on the Hiltons Sunday he told them about his new deal and why he had gone into it.

"It's a point lower than I bought it at, but it will recover in a day or two. If you want to make a stake, Mr. Hilton, I advise you to buy a couple of hundred shares on margin before it starts upward again," he said.

"I might do that," said Hilton, reflectively. "Anything you are mixed up in ought to come out ahead. I believe in following a lucky person's lead."

He thought it over during the night and next morning he appeared at the little bank and bought 250 shares of A. & B.

This was his first experience in Wall Street speculation.

Heretofore he had held aloof from the big game of chance, notwithstanding the fact that his father had been very successful at it.

But then his father had learned all the ins and outs of the game, and had probably been lucky in selecting his deals.

He himself knew very little about Wall Street, from a business standpoint, and had very sensibly kept out of the whirlpool.

But if a boy like Dan could pull out a bunch of money with refreshing regularity, and had a tip on A. & B. indicating it as a prospective winner, he thought he could afford to take a chance.

At any rate, if he lost the greater part of his money he could stand it.

Harry Hilton got in at 74, and on Wednesday the stock was down to 70.

That didn't look encouraging, and he dropped in to see Dan to learn how he was taking the drop.

Dan presented his customary cheerful front.

"I'm out \$5,000 up to this point," he said, "but I'm not worrying. If it should go below my margin of safety, I can put up another \$10,000 to secure myself."

"And if it should go below that?" said Hilton.

"That would be a drop of 20 points, and I am not looking for such a thing to happen."

"But it is the unexpected which generally happens in Wall Street."

"That's right enough. If that should happen this time I'll be cleaned out and have to begin all over again."

"You take it pretty coolly," smiled Hilton.

"I can afford to at this stage of the game, but if the worst should happen, I don't see that I would gain anything by raising a howl."

Harry Hilton went home feeling somewhat encouraged.

The price went down to 67 and then began to climb back.

A week later A. & B. was sailing along at 77.

In another week it hit 85, and Dan promptly sold.

It might go higher—in fact, all signs pointed that way—but he was satisfied to let well enough rule his course of action.

At any rate, he was \$10,000 ahead.

Hilton sold out, too, at an advance of ten points, on Dan's advice, and made \$2,500.

He was confirmed in his opinion that it was pretty safe to follow the lead of a lucky person, be he man or boy.

Though he had got his tip through Mr. Carson's suggestion to a customer, Dan had never thought about his boss being interested in the stock from a speculative point of view.

The broker was heavily interested in A. & B., but he held on almost too long.

The insider who had given him the tip, learning he was

holding out for a higher figure, told him to get out at once, as the price was likely to drop any moment.

That was the day after Dan had closed out his holdings.

Carson started to do it.

Before he got far, the price began to sag, and he unloaded what he held in blocks of 5,000.

He got rid of it at decreasing figures, the final lot upsetting the market and precipitating a rapid slump.

The result of this was that, while he saved himself, he put several other brokers in a bad hole.

One of them lost his head over his losses and later rushed into Carson's office to call him to account for dumping all his holdings on the market in rapid succession.

A clerk admitted him to the private room.

Dan was in there himself going over the letter-file cabinet to find a letter that his boss wanted.

The broker, whose name was Sexton, opened on Carson at once.

"Look here, Carson, why did you throw all your stock on the market when it was wobbling? Don't you know better than to do that?"

"What do you care, Sexton?" replied Carson.

"What do I care? The slump you brought about has cost me \$100,000. Do you understand that?" cried Sexton, excitedly.

"I am sorry if it has, but you know that everybody has to look out for himself. Why didn't you dump your own stock in time to pull out a winner?"

"Because I don't believe in starting a panic and ruining a bunch of speculators."

"If I recollect right, six months ago, when the Southern Railway boom was beginning to look shady, you threw all your holdings on the market and started the slump that ensued," replied Carson. "You made money, but a lot of others got very badly caught. Now you rave at me because I imitated your example."

"I deny that I did anything of the kind," said Sexton, hotly.

"I won't argue the matter. Neither have I any time now to defend my action in the board-room to-day. If you have lost a pot of money you have my sympathy."

"I don't want your sympathy," roared Sexton, hot under the collar.

"What do you want then?"

"I want you to make good half my losses."

"For pure unadulterated nerve I think you take the cake, Sexton."

"You refuse to do it?"

"Certainly I refuse. Do you take me for a fool?"

"I will show you up before the Exchange."

"Well, if that will make you feel any better go on and do it. I guess I can stand it."

The cool way that Carson took him infuriated Sexton.

He glared like a madman at the gentleman whom he blamed for his losses, and brought his fist down on the top of the desk with a force that made everything on it dance.

"Here, hold on, Sexton, don't be so demonstrative, please,"

But Sexton had lost control of himself.

He picked up a heavy bronze figure that stood on the desk within his reach, and would have thrown it at Carson's head, with possibly fatal results, but for Dan, who had come forward with the letter.

The boy seized Sexton's arm by the wrist at the critical moment, and thus saved his boss, who was unprepared for such an assault on the part of his visitor.

With a howl of rage, Sexton turned on Dan and bore him to the floor.

He was a powerful man, and Dan found himself like a child in his grasp.

Carson pushed his electric button several times and then jumped to the boy's aid.

Sexton's rage seemed to increase his strength, and with one arm he threw the broker off.

Then he raised his heavy fist to smash Dan in the face.

Carson caught the descending arm, and tried again to master the man.

He found that impossible, but succeeded in drawing Sexton's attention once more to himself.

The two men grappled, with the advantage in Sexton's favor.

Dan wriggled free and hit Sexton behind his ear.

The blow produced not the slightest effect on the man.

Then Dan grabbed a heavy book and brought it down on his head.

Sexton fell back dazed just as one of the clerks entered the room in answer to Carson's signal.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## DAN'S SMART MOVE.

"Take this man outside and revive him," said Carson to the clerk. "Dan will help you. If he starts any more rough-house threaten to call an officer."

Dan and the clerk had something of a job getting Sexton to the washroom in the corridor, for he was a heavyweight and quite helpless.

"What happened to him?" asked the clerk.

"I knocked him over with a book," replied Dan.

"You did? What for?"

"Oh, he attacked Mr. Carson."

"What did he do that for?"

"Say, Jenkins, you're as bad as a little kid at asking questions. He was mad because he was mad."

"But he had some reason for being mad," said Jenkins, throwing some water in Sexton's face.

"Ask him and maybe he'll tell you."

Sexton came around quickly and wanted to know what had happened to him.

"You had a fit," replied Dan. "A rush of blood to the head. You had better get back to your office right away and take a rest. I'll go with you if you want me to."

Then Sexton began to remember what had happened.

"You are a little liar!" he said, angrily. "I didn't have a fit. I am not subject to such things. You hit me with something. I'll have you arrested for assault."

"You ought to thank me for saving you from committing a murder," said Dan.

"What do you mean?"

"You were going to throw a heavy metallic statuette at Mr. Carson when he was off his guard. You couldn't have missed him at such short range, so the consequences would have been serious for both of you if I hadn't stopped you. Then you jumped on me, and when Mr. Carson came to my aid you tackled him in such a furious way that I had to do something to stop you, so I tapped you over the head with a book. There, you're all right now. I'll get your hat for you."

Dan returned to the private room, got Sexton's hat and returned it to him.

The broker was cool enough now to realize that he had made a fool of himself.

Without a word he took his hat and walked off.

Sexton wasn't the only trader who resented Carson's action at the Exchange.

They waited till they met Carson on the floor of the board-room next day, and then they told him what they thought of him.

In the meanwhile A. & B. recovered somewhat, so that Sexton and the others managed to extricate themselves at a considerable less loss than they had first figured on, so the affair wore off without further trouble.

One day Dan was sent over to Jersey with a message to a broker there.

On his way back he struck a train boat which was on the point of leaving the slip for Cortlandt street.

There was a big crowd of passengers aboard, and a pile of vehicles, several of them automobiles.

As the boat left Dan started forward, but instead of going through the men's cabin, he pushed through the space crowded with the vehicles.

There were two gentlemen talking in one of the autos, and when Dan got that far he found his progress barred, and he looked around to see how he would get on.

At that moment the conversation of the men reached his ears and something they said interested him, so he listened.

They appeared to be big Wall Street operators who were interested in securing control of a certain independent street railway which the traction trust was also after, with the view of unloading on the trust at a good profit.

They had already captured almost enough of the stock to spell success.

They only needed 310 shares, and they had not been able to find it.

One of their agents, however, had notified them that afternoon over the long distance 'phone that a widow named Brown, who lived at No. 119 Blank street, in the Bronx, had just that number of shares and would sell them at par.

The operators intended visiting her that evening and buying the stock.

They were now on their way to get the cash, for it was too late to get a check certified at the bank.

Dan learned that they had been obliged to pay something

more than par for the other shares they held, although the stock was quoted at 97, and they were highly pleased over the fact that the widow had stated her willingness to sell at par.

By the time Dan had heard the whole conversation the boat was running into her slip on the New York side of the river, and he judged that he had better back out the way he came, than attempt to find an opening among the vehicles that were soon to get into motion, and might make things embarrassing for him.

Dan hurried back to the office with his reply.

On the way he thought over what he had heard.

He was a boy of quick wit and decision.

It struck him that it would be a great thing if he could play a march on the two operators by visiting the Widow Brown ahead of them and buying the stock.

He had just enough money in his safe deposit box to buy the 310 shares of stock at par.

He decided to take a chance at it.

The safe deposit vaults closed at four and he had ten minutes to get there after leaving the office.

He easily made it, and shortly afterward was on a Third avenue elevated train enroute for the Bronx.

It was half-past five when he rang the bell at 119 Blank street.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" Dan asked the servant who answered his ring.

"Yes. What name shall I say?"

"I'm a stranger to her. Tell her I'm from Wall street. My name is Tucker."

He was invited into a small parlor, and afterward taken upstairs to a sitting-room where the lady received her friends.

Mrs. Brown was a pleasant-faced elderly widow and she received Dan with a smile, which was habitual with her.

"I have called with respect to some street car stock which you have agreed to sell at par, though its market value is a little lower."

"Yes, I am willing to dispose of it for \$31,000. There are 310 shares in my possession. I suppose you have been sent by the gentlemen I heard were after it. I expected a call from them this evening and had the stock brought from my safe deposit box in the Bronx Bank," said the widow.

"Then we can settle the business in a few minutes. I have brought the money in cash, which suits you even better than a certified check."

"Yes, I think I would rather have the money, though a certified check is all right, of course."

Dan pulled out his roll of large bills and the lady went into another room to get the certificates of stock.

When she returned with them Dan handed her the money and told her to count it.

She did and declared the amount was all right.

"Now kindly give me a paper stating that you have sold the stock to Dan Tucker for the sum of \$31,000, the receipt whereof is herewith acknowledged."

The lady made out the paper and handed it to the boy.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## CONCLUSION.

About eleven o'clock next morning, while Dan was out on an errand, two finely dressed gentlemen called at the office and asked for Dan Tucker.

"He's out at present," replied the cashier, to whom they had addressed their inquiry. "I expect him in shortly."

"We will wait," said one of the visitors. "Perhaps we can go into his private office?"

"Why, he's our office boy."

"Your office boy!" cried the one who had done the talking.

"Yes, sir. How came you to suppose he was a man and had a private room here?"

"Is Mr. Carson in?"

"I believe he is. Do you wish to see him?"

"If you please."

"Let me have your names and I will send them in."

"My name is Hatfield. This gentleman is Mr. Long."

A clerk took their names in to the broker who recognized the names as belonging to two big operators whom he was not acquainted with.

"Show them in," he said.

"May I ask if you bought 310 shares of the Dyke Street Railway last evening of Mrs. George Brown, through your office boy, Dan Tucker?" asked Hatfield.

"Not that I'm aware of, sir," replied the broker.



"Well, it's very singular, but the young man who bought the stock of the widow left that card with her, saying that his name was on the back of it."

"That it certainly my business card, and that is the name of my office boy on the back. He is out on an errand, but if you will wait a few minutes until he gets back I will have him in here and you can speak to him. I think there must be some mistake, for it is hardly likely that my boy had any connection with the purchase of that stock. I didn't send him to buy it, and I am not aware that he is acting for any one else after his regular office hours."

Inside of ten minutes Dan came into the room and handed his employer a note he had brought back.

Mr. Carson read it and then said to the boy:

"Dan, do you know anything about this card? It has your name on the back."

"Yes, sir. I left that with a lady named Mrs. George Brown, who lives at No. 119 Blank street, in the Bronx, late yesterday afternoon," replied Dan.

"Did you make a purchase of her of 310 shares of the Dyke Street Railway stock yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you tell me whom you acted for?"

"Yes, sir. Myself."

"You amaze me. Why, 310 shares at par represents \$31,000. Who gave you the money to pay for it, for the transaction appears to have been a cash one?"

"No one. That was my money."

"I thought you were a poor boy, and that your mother sold—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it isn't necessary to bring my mother into this. I have been a poor boy until within the past year. How I acquired the \$31,000 I will tell you later. I didn't steal it. I bought that stock for speculative purposes."

"May I ask you how you learned that Mrs. Brown had that stock?" said one of the gentlemen, who, with his companion, had his doubts about the truthfulness of Dan's statement to his employer.

"I decline to answer that question."

"You say you bought that stock for speculative purposes?" said the gentleman who did the talking.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you asking for the stock this morning?"

"I am not naming a price. I am going to see what the United Traction Co. will pay for it. I understand that company is looking for some of the stock to complete its control of the road. I think those shares of mine will just fill the bill. That company should be willing to pay more than any one else."

"We will pay you \$105 for your stock. That is eight points above the market."

"I expect to get more than that."

"How much more?"

"I couldn't say till I have asked the Traction people for a bid."

"How do you know but we represent the Traction interests?"

"I have an idea you do not."

"We will give you \$110. That will give you \$3,100 profit on your transaction."

"No, sir. I expect to get at least \$200 a share for that stock."

"You are crazy, young man."

"I think not. The stock itself is easily worth \$97 a share in the ordinary way. When it appears that the small amount I own represents the key to the control of the road I think it is worth twice as much for that reason. It is my opinion that you represent the syndicate which is buying up the stock to beat the Traction people out. If you are I won't accept an offer from you under \$200 for the stock."

"You intend to offer it to the Traction people for that?"

"No. I intend to ask them how much more than that they are willing to give."

Mr. Carson listened to his office boy in mute astonishment.

He knew something about the rivalry between the Traction trust and a syndicate of capitalists to secure the control of the street railway.

To discover that Dan held the key to the situation quite took his breath.

It was clear to him that his visitors represented the syndicate.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am as much astonished as yourselves to learn that this boy, whom I regard as the smartest

messenger in Wall Street, really owns stock that will give either the Traction people or the opposition syndicate the control of the street car line. Under such circumstances I think he is justified in selling it to the highest bidder. As his employer I should advise him to do nothing until he has heard from the Traction Trust."

"We will make a bid of \$200 for the stock," said Hatfield. "If any one bids higher we should like the chance of meeting it."

"Leave your address, and I will see you are notified," said Carson.

With that assurance the gentlemen went away.

As there were several gentlemen waiting to see the broker he had to defer further talk with Dan for the present.

In the meanwhile Dan called up the office of the Traction Trust.

He told the party who answered him that Carson, broker, had 310 shares of the Dyke Street Railway for sale to the highest bidder making an offer of over \$200.

If the Traction people wanted the stock they could submit a bid; if they did not the stock would be sold to the syndicate.

Dan was told to hold the wire.

In a few minutes he was told that a representative would call and make an offer.

Before he arrived Dan told Mr. Carson to sell the shares for him at the best price he could get.

Carson said he would, and the upshot of the matter was that the two rivals bid against each other so hotly that Dan in the end received \$250 a share for the stock from one of them, and so cleared \$46,500 on his clever deal.

Broker Carson was not a little dumfounded when Dan confessed to him how he had come by his \$31,000.

"I don't approve of your actions, of course, but I'm bound to say that you are cleverer than I suppose. This final deal of yours is as smart a piece of business as any man in Wall Street could pull off. You are worth now nearly \$78,000. That ought to satisfy your present financial ambitions. Let me put the money into first-class securities for you that will pay you about five per cent. on your investment. The interest will amount to nearly \$4,000 a year, which you can put into more bonds when you get it. In this way by the time you are of age you should be worth nearly \$100,000—as much as your friend Henry Hilton and his sister are now worth. What do you say?"

Dan felt bound to agree, for now that his boss knew about his speculative tendencies, he did not see that he could continue them.

If he quit work and devoted his attention wholly to speculation, his luck might desert him, in which case he might lose all he had gained.

So Mr. Carson bought bonds with his office boy's money, and agreed to collect the interest for him without charge.

Dan then told his mother about his luck and she nearly had a fit over it.

She agreed, after an interview with Carson, on whom she called to assure herself that her Dan had told her no "ghost story," to let the bonds remain with the broker until Dan came of age, or circumstances necessitated a change.

About this time Cris Bocker was tried for his murderous assault on Dan in his cobbler shop, and was convicted on the evidence of half a dozen witnesses.

He got ten years at Sing Sing, and long before he got out his wife and step-daughter were provided with means by Dan to go to San Francisco on the quiet.

Dan kept up his intimacy with the Hiltons, who got their money from Green & Hawke in accordance with the terms of the agreement, and when he reached twenty-one he and Harry went into business on the Curb, and did well.

Shortly afterward Dan and Clara Hilton were married, and the most conspicuous person at their wedding was Mrs. Dan Tucker, attired in gorgeous raiment.

Mrs. Dan had long since given up the stand at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, and now rode in her son's automobile every pleasant afternoon through the park, and had servants to wait on her, and proud she was of little Dan, who had made big money in Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain "FIGHTING FOR BUSINESS; OR, BEATING A BAD START."

**SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.**



## CURRENT NEWS

Automobiles do not always stop when ordered by constables or other law officers, and Constant Le Duc of Chatsworth, N. J., in patent No. 1,094,226 provides an implement which can be extended so as to bring it into the path of a vehicle. The spurs on the implement will puncture the pneumatic tires, thus bringing the vehicle to a stop.

With the first cargo ever put through the Panama Canal, the Oregonian, of the American-Hawaiian Line, docked at the Reed street wharf, Philadelphia, June 13. The cargo consisted of 500 tons of sugar, consigned from Hawaii to the Franklin Refining Company, of this city. The Oregonian did not pass through the canal. She received the cargo from barges towed through the canal from Balboa. She left Colon for Philadelphia on June 5. The company saved sixty-five days by the transfer through the waterway over the route around the Horn.

"Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!" "Great father's ghost!" said the stalwart porter in the mail distributing department of the Pittsburgh postoffice as he began to investigate where the clear tones of the chancicleer were coming from. Hidden away in a pile of parcel post packages was one wrapped in cheesecloth, and a peek inside revealed three roosters of the Plymouth Rock breed, all looking more or less withered because of the warm weather. They had been shipped in "by some rube postmaster," was the way one of the attaches put it, contending, too, that "he must be a fool of a postmaster who would accept livestock in violation of the government rules." But there was only one thing to do, and that was to deliver the birds after quenching their thirst.

A clock that belonged to Marie Antoinette, which for more than a century had lain in some forgotten corner among many more artistic State treasures, has once more seen the light of day, thanks to M. de Nolhac, the curator of Versailles Palace. Its public reappearance was on the occasion of the visit to the palace of the International Congress of Music, which has been sitting here during the week. The clock is a beautifully gilded piece of bronze. On one side of the pedestal stands the draped figure of a woman; on the other a nude cupid is examining the stars through a telescope. Over the dial, which stands between the two figures, is seated another cupid. But the most remarkable feature is a beautifully modulated organ chime in the pedestal, which plays the favorite music of the guillotined queen. Julien Tiersot, the librarian of the conservatoire, has identified those pieces which the queen loved and which were specially composed for her between 1769 and 1786. Among the number are a gavotte from Gluck's "Armide," a romance by the Chevalier de Bouffiers, and pieces by Fabre d'Eglantine and others, which were played for the visiting musicians in soft, clear tones.

The postmaster of Washington, D. C., Otto Praeger, is doing some practical work in the way of illustrating to city dwellers the possibilities of the parcel post. He has put into local operation a plan first suggested by Postmaster General Burleson for eliminating the middleman in the handling of vegetables and other products of the farm. Hundreds of Washington housekeepers have learned to take advantage of the opportunity to obtain fresh vegetables, poultry, fruits, etc., from the rural districts at moderate cost. Postmaster Praeger has published a list of farmers, truckers, etc., residing within practical distance of the national capital for shipping. Opposite these names are set forth the products they have for sale by parcel post. The list is calculated to encourage seller and buyer to get together. In Virginia and Maryland are hundreds of producers in out-of-the-way places who want to send their goods direct to the family table instead of the commission merchant. One may get anything from soup to nuts, including oysters and clams, bread, home-made candy, lemon peel, roses, rose bags, old Virginia cornmeal, eggs, home-made preserves, and even unfermented grape juice. Flowers to adorn the table are also available. Although the Washington postmaster started the plan primarily for the benefit of producers in nearby places, the list of names he published included addresses in many States, some as far away as Iowa and the Dakotas.

The dream of wireless telephony—that a person will be able to carry in his pocket a telephone instrument and at any time or place call up a number and have a conversation—has actually become true in a limited way. Such pocket wireless telephones are in daily use in some European mines for communication with the surface and with other places in the mine. Wireless telephony has been a complete success for some time for short distances of transmission, and in the short distances needed for use in one mine wireless telephony is as practical as wireless telegraphy. Instruments are located at convenient places in the mine, with wires already attached to pipes, rails or some other means of getting a good electrical connection with the ground, and it is these stationary instruments that are depended on for most uses. In addition, however, portable instruments are used frequently. These weigh too much to be carried in one's pocket and so are carried like a handbag. Besides these portable instruments there are provided for the officials pocket instruments that can send, but cannot receive messages. When a message is sent all the stations in the system receive it, but in practice it has been found to work much like a party line telephone, giving little trouble to the stations for which the message is not intended. Pocket receiving instruments for wireless telegraphy are also appearing now. They are useful, of course, to only a limited degree, for they can only receive and not send, and they receive only strong signals, such as those of nearby stations or government time signals.



# LOST FOR ONE YEAR

OR,

## ADrift ON A WATER-LOGGED SHIP

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XI (continued)

Hal and Lew were elated. So the island was inhabited, after all! And their companions were safe and sound on its shores!

"How many did you say were looking for us?" inquired Lew.

"Four—three men and a boy."

"That's our crowd, all right," nodded Hal. "Certainly we will be only too glad to help you drive the goats. Did you hear our friends say what happened to the two villains who came so near killing us?"

"They left 'em aboard the ship."

"Is the ship lying out there yet?"

"Not much! Last night's storm blew her out to sea, and she must have gone down long before this. You are on this island to stay a while, boys. You might as well make up your minds to that."

The two boys asked no further questions. They were anxious to meet their friends, and they at once proceeded to assist the men in corralling the herd of goats.

They soon got them going the right way, and after a walk of about a quarter of a mile they rounded a bend of the high, rocky wall that shut off the view of the sea, and came upon a rudely built house with a series of out-buildings near it.

"Here's where I live," said the man. "Your friends are inside, or else they have gone to the beach with my brother to hunt for you."

The latter proved to be correct, as they found a moment later.

A motherly-looking woman came to the door, and after staring hard at the boys, turned to John Watkins and said:

"They have gone to the beach."

"Well, make the breakfast for two more—plenty of bacon and eggs will suit them, I guess."

Then to Hal and Lew he added:

"Come. We'll go and hunt them up."

A short distance from the house there was a crooked passage that led through the rocky wall, and as they emerged from this the sea was before them.

The boys looked out to the place where they had last seen the schooner, but she was not there. As John Watkins had said, she had been blown away from the island in the storm of the night before.

But, unlike them, Watkins was not looking seaward.

He was looking up and down the beach, and presently his eyes rested upon five human beings about a third of a mile off.

They were his brother and our four friends who had accepted the hospitality offered them the night before.

Watkins placed his fingers to his mouth and let out such a loud and shrill whistle that it fairly pierced the ears of the boys.

It was heard distinctly by those it was intended for, and they turned immediately.

The next minute the two parties were hastening toward each other.

When they met, the greeting Hal and Lew received was a warm one. They were hugged in turn by their four companions, who had about given them up for dead.

"I am perfectly satisfied with our lot now," said the professor, and the old man showed his delight by dancing a few steps of a jig on the hard, smooth sand.

"This is a very barren looking island we have landed on," said the doctor, as all hands started for the house of the Watkinses, "but from all accounts it is the most wonderful one on the face of the globe."

"What do you mean?" asked Lew.

"It is all right," interrupted Archie Denton. "We will find enough to keep us busy till a ship comes along and takes us off. I know from what Mr. Watkins has said that there's ponies, dogs, goats, pigs, precious stones, wild men and a little colony made up of escaped convicts on this island, and if that ain't enough to suit any one who likes sport and adventure, why I don't know what I am talking about."

"You don't if you talk that way," said his father. "You try to insinuate that it will be sport to hunt wild men and run the risk of being slaughtered by a band of lawless men."

The Watkins brothers cast a look of admiration at the boy. It was evident that they admired his spirit.

The party now walked to the crooked passage through the wall of rocks and made for the house.

Though the latter was but a one-story affair, it covered considerable ground, and was very roomy inside.

A big table, which was without a cloth, was set with brown earthen plates and cups and saucers, together with spoons and forks made of wood.

But there was plenty of good bread and butter on it, and when the fried bacon and eggs and a pot of steam-



coffee made from that which our friends had brought on the ship, was brought to it by the woman, who as a sister of the men, our friends did not wait for a second invitation to sit down and eat.

Breakfast on this morning tasted better to them than any meal they remembered of eating before, and they did full justice to it.

After it was over and Sam Watkins had produced pipes and tobacco his brother told their history.

Fifteen years before a ship had sailed from a port in New Zealand, bound for California. The captain was anything but an honest man, and he allowed a dozen or more escaped convicts to secrete themselves in the hold.

There were a score of passengers aboard, nearly half of whom were females, and John and Sam Watkins and their sister Kate were among them.

When they were about three days out to sea the convicts revolted against the captain and crew, and in the fight that followed secured control of the ship, after killing all who did not give in to their mode of doing business. The passengers took no side in the affair, but trusted to luck to get out of their scrape all right.

It so happened that there was not a single man left who could navigate a vessel, and after days and days the ship reached this island and became beached. This was fifteen years ago, and in that time many stirring things had happened, and more were to follow.

## CHAPTER XII.

### WHAT HAPPENED TO WIGG AND GEESE.

It was a rather queer thunder storm that came up that night. While it gave ample warning, when it did strike there were times when the wind seemed to blow from every direction at one time.

The villains, Wigg and Geese, had just about regained their full freedom when it struck the schooner.

Though the vessel was hard aground at her bows, it was not more than five minutes before the men felt her moving seaward.

"Wigg!" roared Geese in a terrified voice, "we are gones! As soon as we git inter deep water ther water-logged hull will sink!"

"I don't know," was the mate's reply. "We have got to run our chances."

"Let's git down in ther cabin, then."

"We might as well, as we can't do anything here on deck. If we have got to die, why it ain't any more than any one has to do some time. Let's hunt up some rum."

The hard-hearted man led the way down the companion-way. The schooner was now rolling heavily, and it was with difficulty that they made their way over the deck.

But they got below after a bit, and the rum was soon brought to light. Our friends had not bothered the stuff at all, but had merely taken a few bottles of brandy with them when they went ashore.

Wigg was as reckless as he could be, but his companion was almost terror-stricken.

"I wish we hadn't sent them boys to their death to-night," he said in trembling tones.

"Bosh!" roared the mate. "Fill up your glass again. You ain't gittin' chicken-hearted, are you?"

Both villains now began plying the liquor into them. They knew the vessel was being swept along by the storm, but Wigg had heard some one say she would not sink, because her cargo of light wood would not permit her. Therefore he was not afraid of being drowned just yet.

The water-logged hull was too far down in the water to be buffeted about to any great extent, but the rolling was something fearful.

By the time an hour had passed both men were so much under the influence of the liquor they had imbibed that they were oblivious to what was taking place.

In that time the course of the tempest had changed somewhat, and they were being blown back toward the island at a point several miles farther to the west.

In fact, the vessel had begun to describe a circle after she had blown about six miles from the shore. She had not sunk a particle lower into the water, and there was no danger of her going down at all as long as the white pine frames were in her hold.

It must have been about an hour before daybreak the next morning that the sleeping villains were awakened by a heavy shock which sent them in a heap on the floor.

Dazed by the effect of the liquor, they were some minutes in realizing where they were; but when they did they scrambled to their feet and made for the deck.

The schooner was lying on her beam ends and the sea was washing over her stern with great force.

"Geese," said the mate, in a voice that showed signs of uneasiness, "we are aground again."

"That's what," was the reply.

"We have been blowed to some other island."

"I guess so."

"I kin make out the outlines of the shore over there."

"So kin I."

"An' ther old hulk sticks together yet."

"But we don't know how long she will."

"She's good stuff all right. Ther wind is goin' down, an' it ain't rainin' as hard as it was. It'll stop in a few minutes, see if it don't."

He was right. The storm did cease a few minutes later, and the force of the seas began to gradually lessen.

As soon as it became light enough to see, the two scoundrels could scarcely believe their senses at the sight they beheld.

The schooner had been forced into a sort of inlet, and there was bleak looking land on either side of them and directly before them.

The nearest point was less than fifty yards away, and it was wonderful to see how the spirits of Geese arose.

"Wigg," he said, "we are all right, after all."

"That's what we are. I told you not to git chicken-hearted. Us fellers was not born to be drowned, even if we do foller ther sea. We'll go ashore as soon as it gits a little lighter an' see what kind of a country this is that we have struck. It looks about ther same as that other island."

(To be continued)



making it, nodded his head to intimate that he admitted the fact.

"They're crazy," he said to himself, looking after them. "Pop's just as likely to kill himself as do that."

For once Joe was wrong, as he found out when he reached home, for Winnie had exerted herself to such purpose that she had talked over both her father and her mother, and they had given their consent to her going along with her brother, as they saw no danger for her in doing so. Winnie took the news around to her bosom friend, Sadie Brooke, and in the end Sadie's uncle, with whom she lived, told her she might go, too.

"Where is the first stop, Joe?" asked Sadie.

"At North Adams."

"Then we must go right along now, mustn't we?"

"No, we can wait till the morning and see the start. Recollect, we go by train, girls, and they haven't managed yet to send wheels along as fast as trains. We shall arrive at North Adams long before any of the competitors."

The next morning it seemed as if the whole of the town of Lynn had collected in the neighborhood of the clubhouse belonging to the Lightning League, from whence the start was to be made, and Mr. Hudson, who was to act as starter, was there early, as were all the competitors except Leslie Ware. It was within ten minutes of the time fixed for the start when he arrived on the scene.

The first thing he did was to walk right over to where Winnie King was standing.

"Good morning, Miss King!" he said. "I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor? Why, what is that?"

"I don't like to go off on this race without feeling that I have some one's good wishes behind me. I want you to say that you hope I will win."

"I can't say that," said Winnie, in some confusion.

"And why not?" demanded Ware, looking hard at her. "And why not, may I ask?"

"Because it wouldn't be honest on my part."

"And how is that, Miss King?"

"I have already told Ned Wood that I hope he will win the Silver Wheel, and therefore I can't say the same thing to you."

"Oh, yes you can," laughed Ware. "There's no harm in deceiving Wood."

"But I'm not deceiving him!" cried Winnie angrily. "I mean it!"

"Then let me tell you," said Ware, looking as black as thunder, "that your wishes won't do Wood any good. He has no chance."

And without even troubling to bid her good-by, he walked away, and the girl ran over to Ned at once.

"Take care of yourself, Ned!" she cried, feeling frightened at the savage expression on Leslie Ware's face.

"Take care of myself, Winnie? Why, what's going to happen to me, and when?"

"During the race, Ned, I advise you particularly to watch Leslie Ware. I know he doesn't like you, and if he can he will do you an injury, so be careful, Ned, for my sake."

"Leslie Ware do me an injury," said Ned to himself, whilst he stood reflecting over what she had said to him.

"Why, what can have put such an idea into Winnie's head? He doesn't like me, it's true, but between disliking a fellow and doing him an injury, there's a great difference. However, it was good of her to think of me as she did, and I shan't forget it."

Ned looked the very picture of a wheelman as he stood waiting for the word to go, with his fingers grasping the bar of his machine. He was nearly seventeen, of good average height, well made and active, and, as he brushed back the golden curls from his forehead, he looked so handsome that it was not wonderful that he should be such a favorite.

And now Mr. Hudson had all the competitors in line, and without any delay he fired the pistol, and in a moment the nine starters were in their saddles. Their feet struck the pedals, and, amid a terrific shout, they started on their long ride to San Francisco.

Most of the club members accompanied them as far as Beverly Grange, which was about fifteen miles from Lynn, and on the route, and there those members got off their wheels, and lining the road on each side, gave the nine a parting cheer.

Up to this point all the competitors had kept together, not really racing until they were alone. But as soon as their fellow members had ridden away all was changed in an instant, and Leslie Ware, pedaling as hard as possible, was soon in the lead, and as he rode with all his energy, he soon took such a good lead that he entirely disappeared from view.

Naturally the others were quite unconcerned at this proceeding on Ware's part, for what happened on the first day of a three thousand mile race across the American Continent was not important. Many changes in the relative positions of the competitors would take place before San Francisco was reached, and it was likely as not that the wheelman who was now last would be the first to arrive at the winning post.

When North Adams was reached eight men were riding close together. The ninth man was Leslie Ware, and they found on making inquiries that he must have maintained a great pace ever since he had left them, for they heard that he was more than half an hour ahead of them.

Leaving North Adams they started for Sayville, a small place in New York State which was the next stopping point, and it was certain that this would not be reached until long after dark.

Ned Wood now resolved to make up for lost time.

"I'll catch up to Leslie Ware," he said to himself, "and when I do I'll ride alongside of him and try to find out how good he is, and whether he has any staying powers."

So Ned went right away from the others, and as the road was good he found himself making excellent time, rolling off mile after mile and flattering himself he was gaining on Ware at every turn of the wheel. When it became dark he still continued to travel at the same pace as long as the road was in good condition, but when the riding became bad he had to slacken down, fearing he might meet with a serious accident unless he did so.

(To be continued)



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**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher**

**168 West 23d Street**

**New York**

Of uncommon interest and importance is a discovery reported to the Secretary of the Navy by Rear Admiral Strauss, chief of ordnance of the navy, following experiments at the Naval Proving Grounds, to find some way of overcoming the invisibility of smokeless powder. The sailors and marines who went ashore at Vera Cruz found it difficult to locate the fire of the snipers, who used smokeless powder. It was known to experts that smokeless powder gives off a greater amount of gas than the old brown powder, and it was believed that in some way this could be rendered visible. Rear Admiral Strauss has proven that by the aid of a glass of a certain color it is possible to see "smokeless" powder. Steps will be taken to acquire these glasses. They will be worn by a few men whose duty it will be to indicate the location of fire.

Describing his recent experiences in Mexico, where he has resided for seventeen years, M. H. Carpenter, former superintendent of an oil company at Tampico, said: "There is one very good reason why the rebels are licking the Federals: they are better shots. Most of the rebels are volunteers fighting for a purpose, and their heart is in their aim. They are mostly from the northern states, too, and the people of those states are all hunters. The Federals are largely conscripts, and most of them wish they could get out of it. The result is that they point their guns in the general direction of where the rebels are supposed to be and whang away. With the repeating rifles they use there is a tremendous waste of ammunition. We

used to estimate that the Federals wasted seventy per cent. more cartridges than the rebels. The Mexican temperament enters into this also. If a Mexican is making a whole lot of noise, so much that he sounds to himself like a whole battle, he thinks that he is safe and repulsing the enemy, and most times he is, too."

The rapidity with which watches are nowadays manufactured has been made possible by the ingenious machinery designed within recent years for the making of all parts of a watch. The speed with which these various parts are turned out is little short of marvelous. Great sheets of brass and steel are cut and rolled into ribbons and punched out into wheels at the rate of 10,000 a day from each punching machine. Workers drill the thirty-one holes in the roof of the watch as fast as they can count. Brass wire glides into a machine that measures off the length of a part, turns it, puts a screw thread on each end and actually screws it in at the rate of 2,000 a day. The screws are of such tiny size that fifty gross of them may be put in a woman's thimble, while of others there are a thousand gross to the pound. Balances are cut from the solid steel, ground down, worked up and drilled with their twenty-five screw holes apiece at the rate of 100 wheels a day from each machine. Wheels have their teeth cut, a couple of dozen at a time, some with from sixty to eighty teeth, at the rate of 1,200 wheels a day from each machine.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1914.

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## BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Under conditions probably more unusual than anywhere else in the world is baseball played at Ketchikan, Alaska, where the only level stretch of land suitable for grounds is along the ocean edge. Consequently the games must be played at low tide, for nearly twenty feet of water cover the home plate when the tide is at flood.

An entry and circulation tax upon aviators in Germany is not likely to be favored in aeronautic circles. It is now being considered by the Foreign Office, and applies to all outside aeroplane pilots with their machines, somewhat like the rules which exist in Alsace-Lorraine as concerns automobiles. The tax will be \$12.50 and even \$25 per pilot, regardless of whether he enters by railroad or by actual flight.

When is "Jim" Sturgill going to stop growing? That is the question that is worrying the parents of the big boy of the Cumberland River. "Jim" is sixteen years old and weighs 409 pounds, and his parents now find great difficulty in buying clothes that he can wear. When five years old "Jim" was what his neighbors called "an unusually large boy." But he continued to grow and when he went to the village school at Eolia, on the Cumberland River, he was the biggest and jolliest pupil there. Nothing worried him and the world was always a very beautiful thing to "Jim." Many offers have been received by "Jim's" parents from theatrical agencies who want the big boy for exhibition purposes, but they have all been rejected, and in the hills of the Cumberland River country "Jim" is satisfied and happy. "We do not want 'Jim' to become a show man," his mother said. "He will stay at home with us until he is a man." To her "Jim" is still a little boy, despite the fact that he is five feet and eleven inches tall and weighs one-fifth of a ton.

Another of the Zeppelin airships of the German army—the "Z 1"—was badly wrecked near Diedenhofen, Germany, June 13. While trying to effect an emergency landing the air-cruiser broke at right angles behind the rear gondola. A lieutenant was injured. The accident occurred during a flight from Bologne to Metz. The

"Z 1," with a military crew on board, ran into a rainstorm and the commander decided to descend. When the air vessel was within a few yards of the ground a sudden vertical gust of wind forced it violently to earth and it broke virtually in two. The airship will have to be entirely dismembered for repairs. This accident to the "Z 1" is the eighth disaster to a Zeppelin airship by wreck, fire or explosion. Zeppelin I, II and VI, Deutschlands I and II and "L 1" and "L 2" all had been previously destroyed on some occasions, with heavy loss of life. In the case of the "L 2" the entire crew of twenty-eight officers and men were killed when the airship was burned in midair during its trial flight at Berlin. The "L 1," her sister ship, had previously been caught in a storm in the North Sea and fell into the water, with a loss of fifteen of her crew of twenty-two.

## JOKES AND JESTS.

Crawford—The man who can look happy when he isn't makes a good companion. Crabshaw—But you'd better not sit in a poker game with him.

The Clergyman—"I had no idea profanity was so prevalent till I began to drive a car." His Wife—"Do you hear much of it on the road?" The Clergyman—"Why, nearly every one I bump into swears frightfully."

Mother—"Is Mr. Kisseem in the parlor yet?" Little Son—"Yes." "What are they doing?" "They are sitting a good distance apart, and talking; but sister has taken off her Elizabeth ruff." "Very well, I'll go down at once."

Grumpy Straphanger (loudly)—"I wish you'd move those confounded valises out of the aisle." Indignant Sitter—"Those ain't valises—those are my feet." Grumpy Straphanger (more cheerfully)—"Well, you might at least pile one on top o' t'other."

"What a beautiful luncheon!" said the guest. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "mother and the girls say it is all right." "But you aren't enjoying it." "No; I'm a little embarrassed. I've been standing over here trying to figure out which are the edibles and which are the decorations."

Mother—"Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school." Johnny (with a far-away look)—"Yes, mamma." Mother—"How does it happen that your hands smell of fish?" Johnny—"I carried home the Sunday-school magazine, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale."

Old Peterby is rich and stingy. In the event of his death his nephew will inherit his property. A friend of the family said to the old gentleman: "I hear your nephew is going to marry. On that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy." "I will," said Peterby; "I'll pretend that I am dangerously ill."



## THE SILENT WITNESS.

By Col. Ralph Fenton

"George Weymouth, one of Horton's most highly respected citizens, a man of wealth, was fatally stabbed last evening in his room at the City Hotel, by a former clerk in his employ, Paul Brenton by name. The assassin escaped for the time, but great excitement prevails; officers are on the murderer's track, and he will surely be captured."

It was evening, and the widow Deane sat knitting by the cheerful grate fire, when a heavy fall in the little bedroom adjoining startled the good lady not a trifle.

She sprang up and pushed open the door.

Nora, her daughter, had passed into the bedroom with the Horton "News" in her hand not ten minutes before.

The little bedchamber was dimly lighted by a candle on a small table.

A thrill of alarm passed to the heart of the widow when she saw the form of her daughter prostrate on the floor, with one hand outstretched, while the other clutched the paper tightly, as it lay outspread under her head.

She lifted the prostrate girl and placed her on the bed, after which she picked up the paper and read the paragraph already given to the reader.

"George Weymouth murdered!" she muttered, "and by Paul Brenton! Can it be possible?"

Paul was Nora's affianced husband, but he was too poor to think of marriage for some time yet.

Only a week before the opening of our story he had appeared to Nora with the news that he had quarreled with his employer, George Weymouth, and the merchant had turned him from his employ.

In the course of half an hour Nora opened her eyes and sat up.

"There may be some mistake," suggested Mrs. Deane.

At that moment an awful fear clutched the widow's heart. Before she could speak further, however, a step sounded on the walk without, and a gentle rap fell on the outer door.

Quickly Mrs. Deane made her way to the door.

"Paul!"

"Where is Nora? Has she heard?" demanded the young man, in a shaky voice.

"Yes. This is terrible, Paul."

"Awful!" was his answer.

The next moment Mrs. Deane led him to the presence of her daughter, who sat on a chair, with parted lips and strained eyes, as her lover crossed the threshold and strode toward her.

"Paul, do not touch me—until I know the truth."

"Well?" he demanded, quickly.

"Uncle George is dead. He was cruelly murdered. What do you know of this?"

"I know of it. I am even now in flight," he answered, in a hushed, unsteady voice.

"Then how dare you come here?"

"To see you, Nora. Great God! girl, can you, do you, believe I am the guilty one?"

Nora's blue eyes grew suddenly moist.

"Paul, you are innocent—tell me that you are?"

"It would be mockery for me to make denial of so horrible a crime," he articulated. "If your heart does not tell you what to believe, no words of mine can."

At the end of half an hour peaceful calm reigned, and Paul Brenton was able to give an account of the murder. He told all he knew as briefly as possible.

"I boarded at the City Hotel after your uncle discharged me," said young Brenton. "I was still out of work when I met Weymouth last evening. He was a hard, grasping man, as you well know, Nora, and I never liked him. I think he became more tyrannical and overbearing after he learned of our engagement. At any rate, we quarreled, and my temper got the better of my discretion. Your uncle has not used you right, Nora, neither you nor your mother——"

"Paul, hush!" interrupted the girl. "Speak not ill of the dead."

"I will not. I will speak of what happened last evening alone. It was early in the evening, as I was passing to my room, that I met Mr. Weymouth in the hall. A smile was on his face. He touched my arm and requested me to go to his room, as he had something of importance to communicate. I complied, and we had an angry interview, I tell you. What do you think the old man wanted?"

He paused for a reply, but Nora did not speak, and Paul proceeded:

"He asked me to give you up, Nora. He said that your mother, his sister, had married against the wishes of her friends, that your grandfather disinherited her on this account, and that he, George, would not countenance any of the Deane spawn—his exact words, dearest. Again my temper got the upper hand, and we quarreled.

"As I turned to leave the room, the light was suddenly extinguished, a cry of murder filled my ears. I heard the fall of a body, and bent quickly, to find Weymouth down with a dagger in his heart. That was an awful moment. I was dumb with horror for the time. Again a light flashed upon the scene. Men and women clustered near, and, as I turned with the bloody dagger in my hand, a man pointed at me and said:

"Seize the murderer!"

"Instantly I realized the situation. Prison walls loomed blackly before me. I thought of you, and, with a cry of defiance, I sprang to the open window and gained the piazza; from this I made my way to the woods, where I have been in hiding during the day. To-night I ventured here to see you, Nora."

"I believe you, Paul, but you are in a terrible situation," murmured Nora. "Have you no idea who committed the crime?"

"Not the slightest."

"Uncle had numerous enemies."

"Yes, a man of his morose disposition is apt to have; but the meshes of circumstances point directly toward me. I would give myself up, but that would only make my doom more certain. I wish to be free to hunt down the real assassin."

"Have you the dagger?" questioned Nora, suddenly.



"I have, but——"

"Give it me, please."

Paul produced the weapon, a tiny Spanish blade. Scarcely had the girl taken the weapon in hand when the sound of steps without startled the inmates of the widow's cottage.

The door was pushed open without ceremony, and several men crossed the threshold and confronted the trio in the little bedroom.

"There is the murderer! Seize him!"

"Halt!"

Low and stern came the command, and the man-hunters came to a stand with Nora Deane confronting them, with heaving bosom and gleaming eyes. In her outstretched hand she held a revolver, one that she had snatched from a shelf near.

"We want the murderer of George Weymouth."

"Back!" again commanded Nora. "The first one who attempts to seize this man dies!"

"The sneaking coward!" sneered one of the men, "to take refuge behind a woman's petticoats."

This was too much for the hot-tempered Paul.

He quickly pushed his way to the front, and dealt the speaker a blow that sent him reeling against the wall. This was the signal for a general melee. Shots were fired, and a desperate struggle ensued.

Paul was at last overpowered and handcuffed.

In her despair the maiden's eye caught the glitter of an object on the floor. It was the dagger that had dealt the fatal blow. The maiden gazed at it as if fascinated.

"Mother, where have I seen this weapon before to-night?" questioned Nora, at length, turning to Mrs. Deane a white and questioning face. The widow took the weapon and examined it closely.

"Mother, what is it?"

"That blade. You remember the night at the theater when you picked up this on the stairs? It was then claimed by the actress Martelle."

"I remember. It is the same weapon, but these letters, woven so curiously together, what meaning do you attach to them?"

"None in particular."

What do you make them out to be, mother?"

"N. C. W."

A deadly pallor again shot to the cheeks of Nora.

She held the knife aloft and cried:

"This silent witness shall save my Paul."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Guilty!"

After the announcement a low murmur filled the room.

Paul caught the fixed, intent glow of a pair of black eyes fixed upon him, burning their way into his very soul. He turned his head and looked into a fair face wreathed in a smile of diabolical triumph.

"Naomi!"

The name fell from his lips, and reached the ears of the woman near. The smile vanished, but the look of triumph deepened into a satanic glow.

"Remove the prisoner," commanded the judge. "I will pass sentence at another time."

"Let me to the front. I have evidence that will exculpate the prisoner."

Two persons pushed their way forward, a keen-eyed man, a slender, veiled young girl. The handsome woman near the dock cast her black eyes upon the newcomers in an insolent stare.

"I am here," said the keen-eyed man, "with proof sufficient to convict the assassin of George Weymouth. I hold here in my hand the silent witness of the murderous work," holding up a gleaming dagger. "This was the weapon that found the heart of the rich merchant, and it was wielded by the hand of a woman!"

A visible commotion followed. The woman behind the veil, whose black eyes had so transfixed the prisoner, started at the bold announcement.

"George Weymouth married, once, a beautiful, passionate woman. She proved the bane of his existence, and made him oftentimes insanely jealous. Six years ago a divorce was granted Mr. Weymouth. His wife, however, sought to extort money from him, and at one time approached the merchant's clerk, Paul Brenton. The latter refused to prove treacherous to his employer, and in consequence he is here now, accused of that employer's murder.

"The divorced wife, disguised as a man, crouched under the open window and heard the quarrel between Paul Brenton and Mr. Weymouth on that fatal evening. A gust of wind extinguished the light, and on the instant the woman passed in, dealt the murderous blow, and escaped before a light was procured. This is the fact. How do I know it? The dagger gave the clew, and I, with the assistance of as noble a girl as ever lived, have followed that clew to a finality.

"On the evening of the murder this dagger was used by Martelle in the tragedy scene at the theater. There is not another like it in America, and it bears in monogram the letters N. C. W. on a pearl cross imbedded in the handle. Naomi Charles Weymouth, alias Martelle, the tragedy queen. Every one in Horton knows that Naomi was once the wife of George Weymouth. I have witnesses who will swear that this dagger was used by Martelle but a short time before the murder, and——"

"It is false. The dagger is not mine!"

A tall form rose suddenly before the detective. The veil was cast aside now, and the queen of tragedy faced her accuser, white with baffled rage.

The scene that followed baffles description. It was dramatic in the extreme.

In the end, Martelle was borne from the room in a fit. Realizing that her scheme of vengeance had failed, the divorced wife raved like one mad, and betrayed her interest in the success of the prosecution most unmistakably.

Brenton was not released until the following day, when Naomi Weymouth, on her dying bed, confessed the truth as the detective had stated it.

Baffled, the treacherous woman had taken poison.

As they were the nearest relatives, Mrs. Deane and Nora inherited the property left by the murdered man, who had failed to make a will.



## GOOD READING

According to the estimates of the Census Bureau the population of the United States has increased seven millions since the census of 1910, and by July 1, 1914, will be within a million of a round one hundred millions. New York city has added 566,654 to its population within the last four years and has within the metropolitan area, which includes the suburbs dependent upon New York for their population, 6,500,000 to London's 7,250,000.

Another historical treasure will soon leave France for the new world. The committee charged with the erection of the monument to Jeanne d'Arc in New York has written to Rouen to the owners of the plot of land on which the walls of part of a ruined tower made famous by the warrior virgin were recently unearthed offering to buy the lot en bloc. It asked that the ruins be taken apart and that the stones be forwarded to America so as to form the pedestal of the proposed monument. The offer has been accepted, and the ruins of the old castle of Rouen will soon be on their way to America.

The native bee of Cuba, unlike the American honey bee, has no stinger and can be handled without fear. An American apiarist in a Pinar del Rio town imported some American bees recently, says The Times of Cuba, and, because of their superior armament, they soon became masters of the surrounding sweetness, much to the disgruntlement of the native honey raiser. The American bees stung their rivals to death, carrying off the stored honey in triumph. "What chance has a Cuban got against the Americans!" exclaimed one owner of vanquished honey gatherers. "They even arm their bees."

Three years ago Patrick J. Kerrigan was riding over his homestead, near Deer Trail, Colo., when he came upon a young woman who had encountered a rattlesnake. Kerrigan dismounted from his horse and killed the snake. The young lady thanked him and went to her cabin, adjoining his homestead. Later the same year Kerrigan killed a number of coyotes engaged in the slaughter of the young woman's stock. Again she thanked him and again he rode away. Thus their romance began. Finally Kerrigan proposed and Mary Dougherty accepted. The other night the romance reached its climax when the pair were married at St. Patrick's Church, North Denver.

The Crocker eclipse expedition of the University of California has started for Kiev, Russia, to observe the total eclipse of the sun. The expedition is in charge of Director W. W. Campbell, of Lick Observatory, and Heber D. Curtis, astronomer. The moon, passing between the sun and the earth, will cast a shadow upon the earth eighty miles in diameter, which will advance continuously across the hemisphere of the earth turned toward the sun. The expedition will try to secure photographs of the co-

rona on a large scale with a camera forty feet in focal length and on a small scale with a camera of seventy inches focus.

It is now possible for a blind man to read by the ear, owing to the improvements in an electrical instrument which was shown by Fournier d'Albe at last year's British Association meeting. The instrument has as its basic principle the peculiar property of selenium, by which the strength of an electric current passing through it varies with the amount of light. It is connected with a telephone receiver, and, according as more or less light falls on the selenium, so does the electric current passing through the receiver vary, and consequently the sounds heard in the receiver vary. By throwing a powerful light on ordinary printed letterpress, it is possible to differentiate between letters by different sounds in the receiver. An ordinary newspaper can thus be read by the "type-reading octophone."

In a bulletin issued recently by the Census and Statistics Office preliminary estimates are given of the areas sown to the principal grain crops in Canada and reports on their condition on June 1. The total area under wheat is provisionally estimated at 11,203,800 acres, or 188,800 acres more than in 1913. The area under spring wheat is reported as 10,230,500 acres, or 185,500 acres more than in 1913, and the area expected to be harvested of fall wheat is 973,300 acres or 3,300 acres more than last year. The acreage of oats is placed at 10,811,000 acres as compared with 10,434,000 acres last year, an increase of 377,000 acres. Barley occupies 1,604,000 acres, or 9,000 acres less than last year, and rye 111,070 acres, as compared with 119,300 acres last year. The estimated area under hay and clover is 8,206,000 acres as compared with 8,169,000 acres in 1913.

After five years of experiment, electric cap lamps for miners have been perfected and are in use in a number of mines of this country and in many European mines. The principal advantage of this kind of lamp is safety, as the electric light greatly decreases the danger of fire and explosion. Those advocating its adoption believe that its higher degree of safety can be demonstrated so satisfactorily as to bring about the supplanting of the ordinary safety lamp. Portable electric lamps have been under investigation by the United States bureau of mines for some time. It has been shown in tests that the glowing filaments of these lamps are capable of igniting mine gas, but that sparks from lamp equipments of not more than six volts are not capable of igniting the gas. The first requirement, therefore, of the practical electric mine lamp is that it shall be so designed that its bulb cannot be broken while the lamp filament is glowing at a temperature sufficient to ignite explosive gases.



## ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

### DOGS OF THE FRENCH ARMY HOSPITAL CORPS.

In all parts of Europe, and notably in such countries as France, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, dogs are compelled to take life much more seriously than in the United States. This is due to the fact that in the old world the natural function of the dog is that of a draft mind rather than a playfellow for young people.

The French people have long been employing them to draw carts and small wagons. Now they have gone a step farther and have actually put dogs to work in their army. Real "dogs of war" they call the picked animals which have entered upon a military career. These four-footed soldiers have been enrolled in the hospital corps of the French army, and their work will be to assist the doctors and the Red Cross nurses in camp and on the battlefield.

It is suspected that the always ingenious French got the idea from the famous dogs of St. Bernard, whose work in carrying succor to storm-bound travelers in the Alps is known to every reader. At any rate, the newly enlisted Red Cross dogs of the French army are being trained to carry stimulants to the wounded, to search out injured soldiers and lead doctors or nurses to the scene and perform other services requiring more or less resource, as well as to act as messengers for the surgeons and to fetch and carry bandages, medicines, etc., in time of emergency, just as a well-trained American dog brings his master's mail or newspaper.

### FOUR-LEAF CLOVER SWINDLER.

What was probably the most profitable deal in clover ever brought off in California was wound up at Los Angeles recently when a clever swindler left the city with about \$2,000 derived from the sale of four-leaf clover seed.

Coming to the city a beggar, one Wilson (the name is known to be an alias), acquired a scanty capital and a plentiful supply of clover plants of the common or garden variety, took a small office, and began operations. He told everybody he could induce to listen to him that he could put his patrons in the way of supplying the great demand for the traditional lucky four-leaved clover, as he had the seed of a variety which produced nothing but the emblems of good fortune. In proof of his assertions he showed a great box of growing clover, each of which had four divisions.

He enlarged upon the profits to be derived from the sale of the leaves, and, he said, more than justified the high prices he was obliged to charge for the seed which he had in stock. To all who were doubtful of the possibilities of the project, he offered to buy all their mature plants at 75 cents each, which, he said, was a perfectly safe proposition for him, as he or anybody else could easily dispose of them at from \$1 to \$5 each.

His seed sold like the proverbial hot cakes, and hun-

dreds of Angelenos became clover farmers on a small scale in the back yards. Just about the time when the first sown plants ought to be peeping above the ground the office was closed. When the landlord took possession he found the sample box of plants and discovered, on close examination, that each of the leaves was of the ordinary trefoil variety, but that a fourth division had been neatly added by means of a thin strip of green court-plaster. Then the clover farmers understood why none of their expensive seed had developed quatrefoils.

### BIG CANDLES.

The J. P. Morgan candle is fashioned of the purest sweet smelling white Italian beeswax. It weighs 400 pounds, is sixteen feet high, and tapers gradually from a base one and one-half feet in diameter to six inches at the tip. Sixty inches from the bottom is a portrait of Mr. Morgan in oil, the work of the artist Paula Restivo, and lilies of the valley and American Beauty roses, Mr. Morgan's favorite flowers, are conspicuous among the decorations. More than \$300 worth of gold leaf has been used to cover the ornaments in relief. The decorating of the candle alone took three and a half months, while the taper itself was four weeks in the making.

This giant memorial candle is to stand in the Vatican at Rome and is to be lighted just once every twelve-month, on All Souls' day. Even if burned continuously it would endure for more than nine years, but under the circumstances it is large enough to last over three thousand years. This is assuming that it will be left to shed its light throughout the twelve hours of the day.

Another memorial candle having special interest for New Yorkers stands in the little Church of St. Michael, Padua, Italy. It is a tribute to Detective Sergeant Petrosino, who was murdered at Palermo, Sicily, while getting evidence for use against the Black Hand, the Mafia and other associations of criminals. This candle burns every Candlemas day, and at that rate should last for more than eighteen centuries.

There is rather a sad story connected with this offering—the result of a jest that went astray. Petrosino and Ajello Bros., the candlemakers, were very good friends. On one occasion, while a votive candle for a rather notorious murderer was being completed, the former laughingly asked what kind of candle Antonino Ajello would make for him. "Joe, you shall have the finest ever produced," was the answer given Petrosino after a good deal of banter.

But two months later, over the telephone, news came to Mr. Ajello of Petrosino's tragic death, and the promise made only in a spirit of fun was thus to be fulfilled. First intended for the pro-cathedral on Mott street, certain threats led Mrs. Petrosino and the donors to send the nine and a half foot memorial light to Padula, where it shines before the altar in the little church of his birth-place.





**ELECTRIC PUSH BUT-TON.**—The base is made of maple, and the center piece of black wood, the whole thing about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, with a metal hook on the back so that it may be slipped over edge of the vest pocket. Expose to view your New Electric Bell, when your friend will push the button expecting to hear it ring. As soon as he touches it, you will see some of the liveliest dancing you ever witnessed. The Electric Button is heavily charged and will give a smart shock when the button is pushed. Price 10c., by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### THE MAGIC DAGGER.



A wonderful illusion. To all appearances it is an ordinary dagger which you can flourish around in your hand and suddenly state that you think you have lived long enough and had better commit suicide, at the same time plunging the dagger up to the hilt into your breast or side, or you can pretend to stab a friend or acquaintance. Of course your friend or yourself are not injured in the least, but the deception is perfect and will startle all who see it.

Price, 10c., or 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

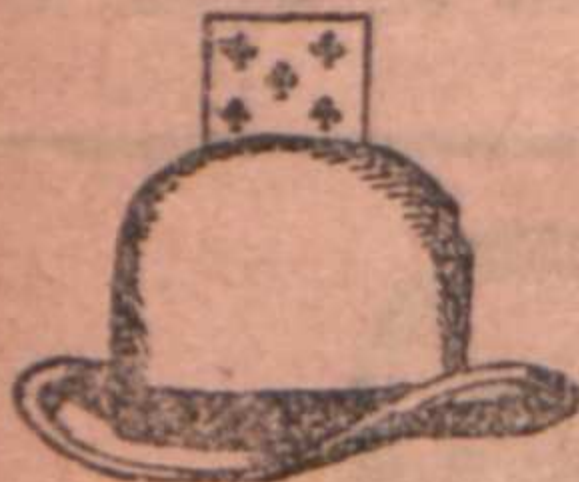
#### MUSICAL SEAT



The best joke out. You can have more fun than a circus, with one of these novelties. All you have to do is to place one on a chair seat (hidden under a cushion, if possible). Then tell your friend to sit down. An unearthly shriek from the little round drum will send your victim up in the air, the most puzzled and astonished mortal on earth. Don't miss getting one of these genuine laugh producers. Perfectly harmless, and never misses doing its work.

Price 20 cents each, by mail, post-paid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

#### CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

#### ITCH POWDER.



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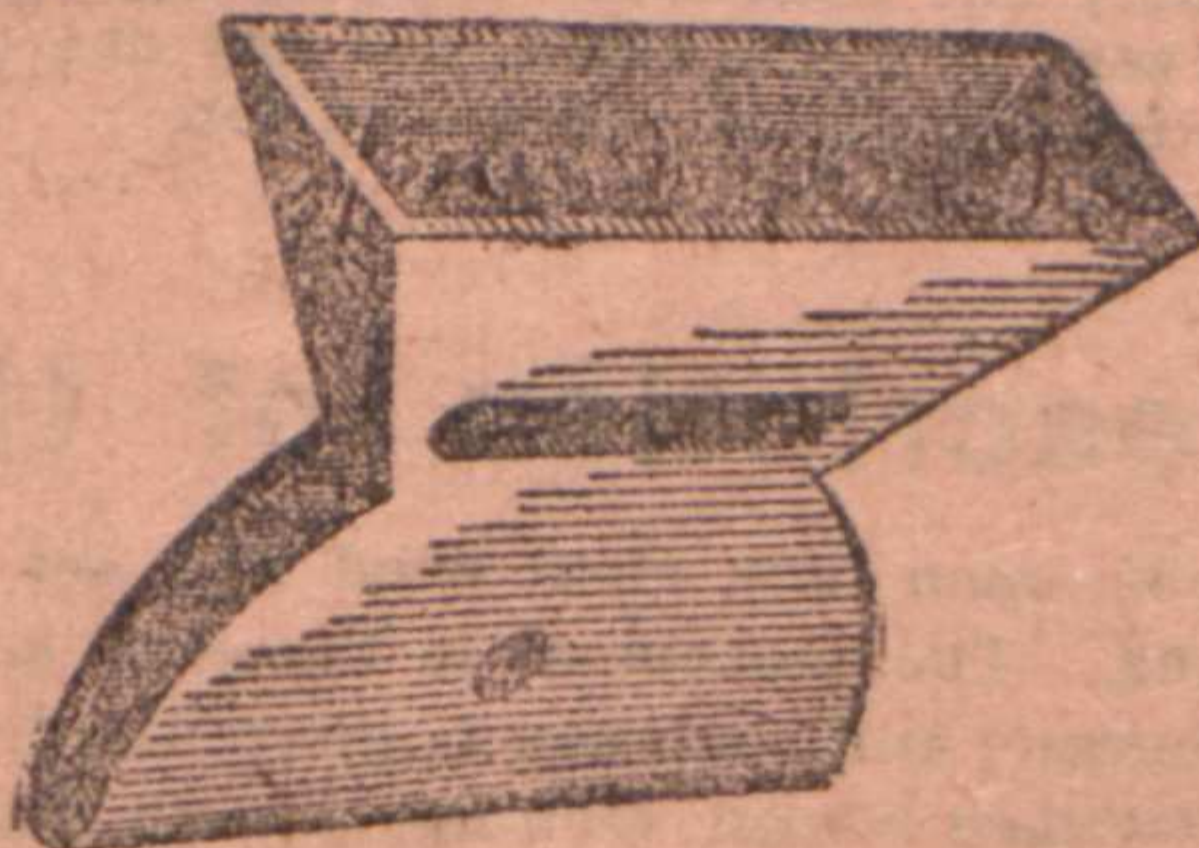
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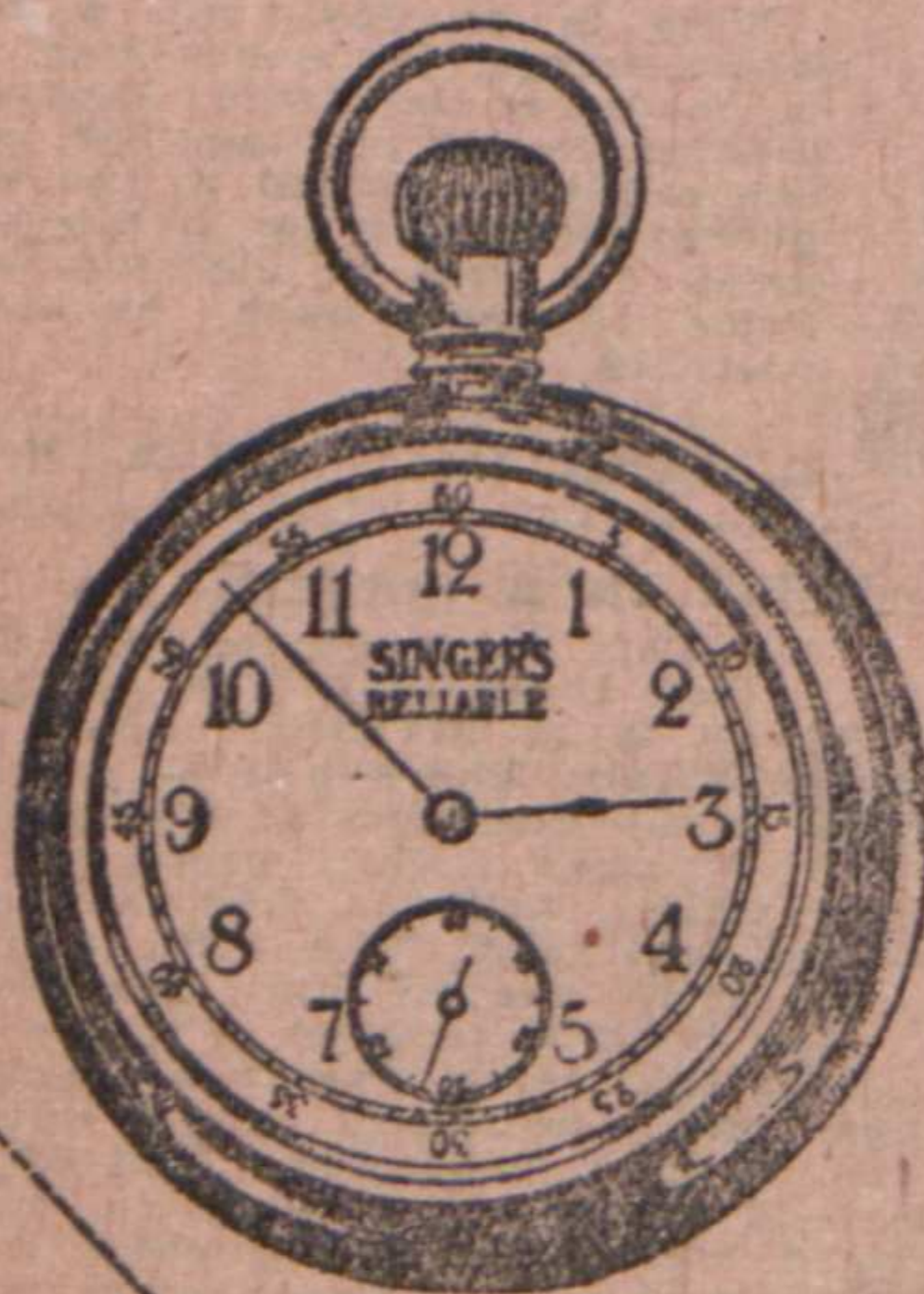
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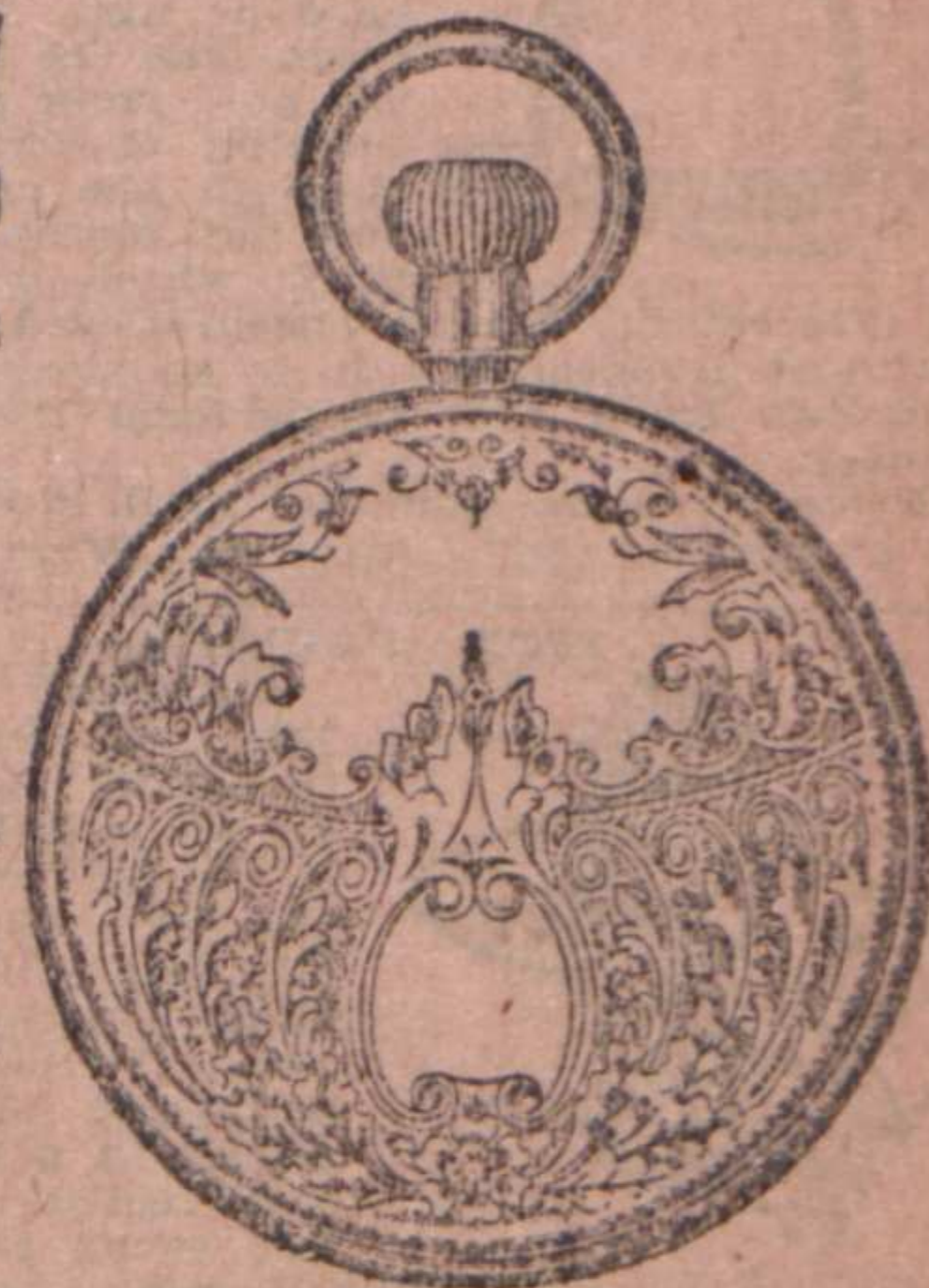
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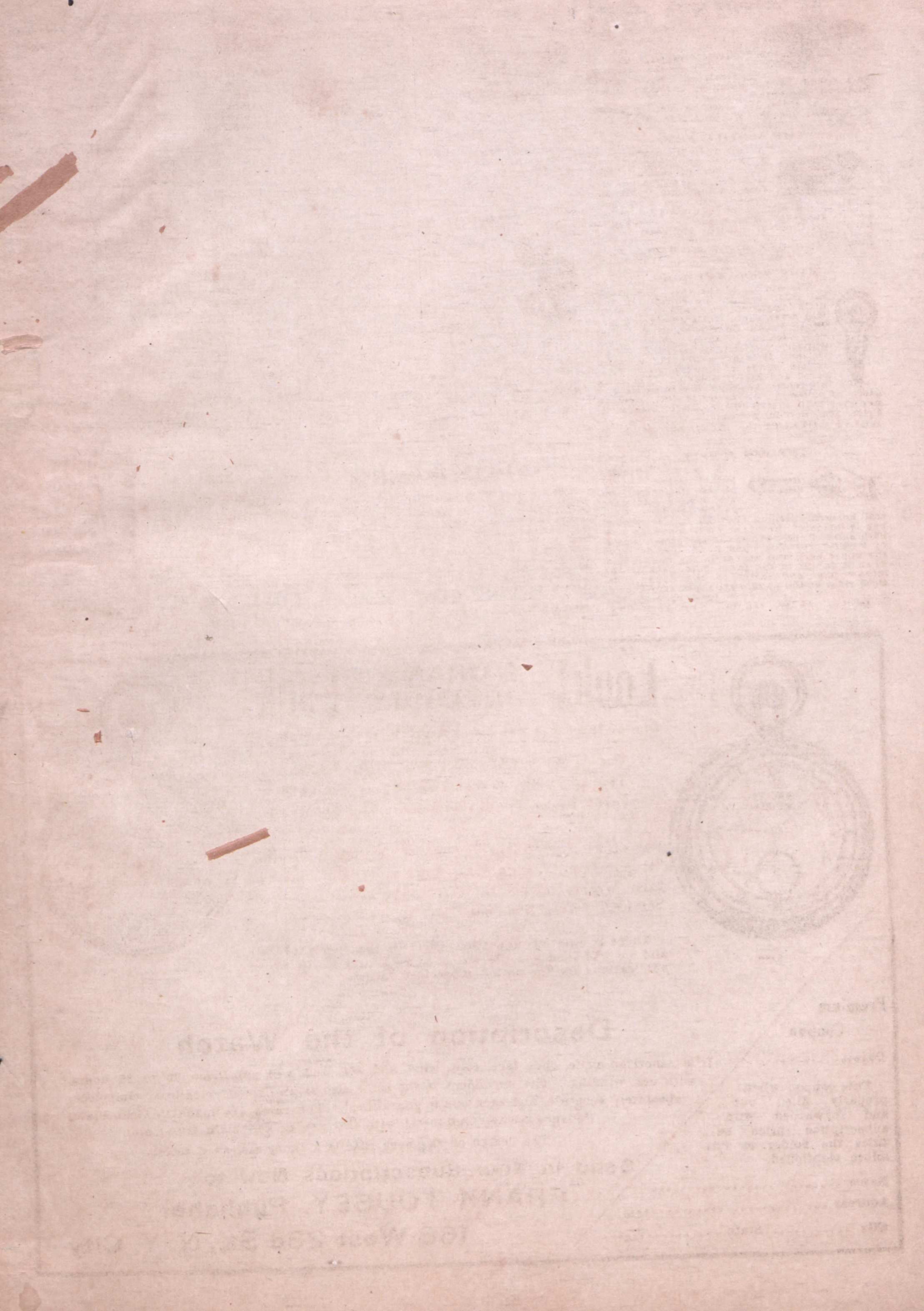
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